THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

GARTH AND ROWE.

237 d 28

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

THE POEMS OF SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THE

DISPENSARY,

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTO'S.

" —Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim."
HOR. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhould be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but

when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting ſpeaks, Muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurprized to find it uncorrect: though I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftenеſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin Poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a Fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs; and, to be revenged on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own, I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe it is upon no other reaſon, but becauſe it is the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſe-

ment I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animoſities among the Members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy Preſident to the contrary), I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to railly ſome of our diſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, until the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince

with an integrity and diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a Treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the year 97. It is called, "A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of "the College of Phyſicians, London, in relation "to the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the beſt, as well as the moſt ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured for taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any particular perſon, it is at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give nobody offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt

a member of the College with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflexion which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,

IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the ſeveral orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing medicines *gratis* to the poor ſick of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and parts adjacent; as alſo propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in purſuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reaſonable rates; we therefore whoſe names are here under-written, Fellows and Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a charity, by the counſel and good-liking of the Preſident and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times, as to the major

part of the ſubſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: which money, when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinſic value, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch times, and by ſuch orders and directions, as by the major part of the ſubſcribers hereto ſhall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe.

In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals, this twenty-ſecond day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Præſes.
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Cenſor.
Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torleſs, Elect. and Cenſor.
Edw. Hulſe, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Cenſor.
Will. Dawes, Cenſor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, Jun.

David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Ch. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
—— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The deſign of printing the ſubſcribers names, is to ſhew, that the late undertaking has the ſanction of a College act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or ſix members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE

DISPENSARY.

OH that ſome genius, whoſe poetic vein
Like Montague's could a juſt piece ſuſtain,
Would ſearch the Grecian and the Latin ſtore,
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt ore:
In laſting numbers praiſe thy whole deſign,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Shew how your pointed ſatire's ſterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *inſipidly ſerene*,
And carry all their wiſdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtripp'd of their diſguiſe,
None will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe!
Shew in what noble verſe Naſſau you ſing,
How ſuch a poet's worthy ſuch a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praiſe,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To praiſe, as imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhould venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What muſt, writ with that fire and with that eaſe,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, pleaſe.

C. BOYLE.

TO
MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,
DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or elſe whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want force to taſte.
I would a poet, like a miſtreſs, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye;
But by ſome nameleſs power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will damn thy verſe, and juſtify their own.

Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil* and the City Bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgment, and whoſe friendſhip, is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmoſt mind;
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind:
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit.
Conſenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above.
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it my humble buſineſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND

D R. G A R T H,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praiſe your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.
The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.

Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill, whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe 'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. Blount.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſued.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T'extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. ——they ſtill purſued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here ſhe's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
  Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
  But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;

* The building of the Diſpenſary.

Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!
How I have kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

What marks of wondrous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
Urim † was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillyſing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;

* See Boileau's Lutrin. † Dr. Atterbury.

Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler, of a rare buffoon.
  Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170.

Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
  Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I 'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſeleſs doors.

* See Boileau's Lutrin.

Find Envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you 'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 196.

Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shews.

The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through ignorance miſ-led,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.

As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at theſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.
Somers does ſickening equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings.
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal ſire
Inſpires the generous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.
Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The lover's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill Colon's * perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.

* Lee, an apothecary.

In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope* invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 95.

In haſte he ſtrides along, to recompenſe
The want of buſineſs with its vain pretence.

* Dr. Barnard.

So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale;
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhame reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.

And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philtres chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
  Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud:
  Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhould'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;

Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought could be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhould'ſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps croud,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none, in complaiſance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To croud with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valued, coſts not much;

Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The croud in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of Succinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce-animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no ſooner did the ſtream receive,
But rouz'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202.

Whilſt we, at our expence, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

All night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the Sage expreſt.
Oft' has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;

Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
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Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;

He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure 's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they 're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive;
And though they 're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,

That proſpect, the Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair;
Light's chearful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The Sage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind compaſſion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.

And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener ſaſſafras, are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.

Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions waſte,
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to fam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he ſaid:
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary expire!
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;

How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
  Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The aſſembly Diaſenna * thus addreſs'd:
  My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſineſs but to dine;
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
And intereſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt could fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown;
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
  Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as burgundy, ptiſans were ſold;

* Gilſtorp, an apothecary.

When patients choſe to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay th'apothecary's bill:
And, cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, ſpring and fall.
Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine ſlaves and atheiſts made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the ſword.
Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns.
And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182.

But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage expreſt.

Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with ſpite.
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhould redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that miſtake th'appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he—Thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
Could'ſt thou propoſe, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel †, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves or thrives,

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Should e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
Who out of conſolation ſcarce can kill?
The towering Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leeches, in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Birmingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmouth-ſtreet, Verſailles with riding-hoods!
The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentiſh air!
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe through thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools, through bleſt inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave.
It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wondrous power than to create.

We'll raiſe our numerous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Caſe.
Though ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave;

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
What we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is 't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they 'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Though projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
Had born ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.

Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport:
Them we'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offſpring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288.

If things of uſe were valued, there had been
Some workhouſe where the Monument is ſeen.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.

* Two bookſellers.

All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in th' cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo*, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis plain, my intereſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhould find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft' diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward's the ſame.

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice reſtor'd the day,
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris *;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.

* Mr. Parrot. † Dr. Howe.

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus * next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him preſs;
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurprize,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.

* Dr. Tyſon.

Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler's happy on this ſcore:
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra* ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly; and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet;
A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
Colt†, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, Rowe‡.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade:
Since of each enterprize th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius||, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.

* Dr. Gould.
† Sir H. Dutton Colt.
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.
|| Sir Barth. Shower.

For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms —
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a Bard*:
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays.
" †Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fau-
" chions claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" ‡And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore.—

* Sir Richard Blackmore. † King Arthur, p. 307.
‡ King Arthur, p. 327.

" * Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents ſound:
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhivering quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little Loves confeſs their amorous fire.

After ver. 212. theſe lines are omitted:

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

* Prince Arthur, p. 130.

The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening Fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince Pauſanias * was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling; without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft' though your ſtrokes ſurprize, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe—The Deity we Fortune call,
Though diſtant, rules and influences all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.

The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, To arms; ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterprize conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

* Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move.
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornados bluſter in the ſky;

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhower deſcends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirſty urns ſupply.

The wondering ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining Lyre with ſtrains attracting more
Heaven's glittering manſions now than Hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies;
His towering brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.

Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal Spring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhews,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowers and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial court.

Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gipſy bears,
In th'other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.
The Dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly born my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.

Though bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where Fortune is the ſlave, and Merit reigns.
  The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty 's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.

I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.
But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.

I dream: but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.
All ſhould, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft' the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood; then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft' unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,

But ſoon what they've exalted they'll diſcard,
And ſet up Carus, or the city Bard.
Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtraight purſue;
The Fury, ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The Fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering ſight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.

The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
  Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
  As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
  Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you 'll find this hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.

Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Though Gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe could ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe, my chivalry proclaim;
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Power infinite muſt act. "I grant it ſo."
Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane; ſurvey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.

" 'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
" But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurprizes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor * firſt was heard;
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
Machaon †, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.

True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

If this dread enterprize you would decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:
Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lie.

He had not finiſh'd, till th'out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer grew.

The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 221.

What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:
But ſeveral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th'adventurous heroes all agree
T'expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t'obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſts deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty Squire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the Muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron God his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th'impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne;
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.

Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.

But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's * arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon † great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron ‡ attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas || ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If, faithful to thy midnight myſteries,

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon.
† Dr. Birch.
‡ Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.
|| Dr. Chamberlain.

If, ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He ſaid, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

Though the haranguing God ſurvey'd the war,
That day the Muſes' ſons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſtening river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their Muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after Nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.

And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor, undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.

On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But, to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch extaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd Signetur * writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:

* Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries "*Signetur* men."

Sooner than I 'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt;
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy,
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But, while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The Chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we 've ſeen
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.

Faith ſtand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appeared on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough, th' atchievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.

Let Celſus * for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celſus, alone unmov'd, the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

* Dr. Bateman.

Hence Pancies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the Carnation and the baſhful Roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte Lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.

The inſects here their lingering trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards ſleep;
Where ſhivering ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd Erucæ hide
Their numerous feet, in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.

Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.

The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemiſt's fire.
Near theſe the Delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run;
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.

The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Whilſt ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And, undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;

Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
  Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of Fate.
Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
  Then Hydrops next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watery ſtore.
  Now loathſome Lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
  Whilſt meagre Pthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults, are ſhown;
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
  Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſerts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;

Then ſhews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon's preſent ſtill at their command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief ſate heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled Manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you 'll attend,
Know, I 'm Guâicum *, once your firmeſt friend;
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, till th' angry powers relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:

* Dr. Morton.

And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus: O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, till they reach the wondering ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I'd ſend.
But, ſince no human arts the Fates diſſuade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th'unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then, riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd;
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th'aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taſte th'indulgence of a milder ſky.

Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And every grace unſung, the waves conceal.
The Delegate obſerves, with wondering eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe;
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here Jealouſy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:

Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and ſparkle in the ring;
Till the green-ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flower,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, inſtead of traſh, you'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid:
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtile our modeſty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe 'll forſake:
But ſeveral Cælia's, ſeveral ages boaſt,
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heavenly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.

Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name.
The lonely Phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th'impaſſive air.
From his embrace th'unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he—
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the Faculty;

How your ſad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft' father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the ſire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I 'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.

Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; there ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſovereignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king;
And, when amidſt his olives plac'd he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel-diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like power,
Which did the labouring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.

When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the Sage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his Guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

" —Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
" Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa." VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windſor-foreſt; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurprizing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the third book of the Metamorphoſis, it is obvious to object (as an

ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,

" —vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd, are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False Fame cries—Athens; honeſt Truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full-ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh; their ſatires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts Fate itſelf to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon.
The fire of Gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Should indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
What then—You 'll ſay, Muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I 'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The man who 's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Though earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's homage ſhould receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When Pelham you reſign'd, what could repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes, that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides;
But, when new-gathering ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He 's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, beſtows.

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the Villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;

No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs;
Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had.
Whatever Nature aſk'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians' fees,
Nor ſerv'd up Death in ſoups and fricaſees:
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters;
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the Miſſeltoe.

The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there;
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft' they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudied, and profeſt
No politics but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor fine-cure, were known;
Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun;
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own;
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap, that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.

They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.

The fair Montano, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain-ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe:

His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace:
For, though poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs, that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe:
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mouldering ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall,
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall;
The claſping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drouſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.

Penſive the virgin ſate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here:
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.

The rural powers the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the evening ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame;
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And, though to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick God inſpir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair Liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The Maid is reſcu'd, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.

Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſ-lead;
And laws even by the legiſlators bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For Tyrants are but Princes in diſguiſe,
Though ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear;
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.
Oft' will his leiſure this retirement chuſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the Muſe;
And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

TO

THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID's EPISTLES.

IN moving lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The Fair you 'll find, when ſoft intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In differing breaſts what differing paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Though infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flowers;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe,
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty ſhines;
And every ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO
RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,
WITH OVID's ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would liſten then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair-one's ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhould take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Though you poſſeſs all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that Goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows;
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hovering on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 't is but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.

The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO
THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON,
ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion* ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Though each a Goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
ON
HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is ſhown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O cenſure undeſerv'd! unequal fate!
Which ſtrove to leſſen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with ſucceſs and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conqueſts, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domeſtic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy ſhakes,
And only fears for Her whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the courſe of virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in abſence moſt Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices would have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar, ſiniſter to our prayers,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus, like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your flame:
But though you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

ON
HER MAJESTY's STATUE
IN
ST. PAUL's CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vaſt bulk of that ſtupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apoſtle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's ſeen to riſe,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland ſeem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a ſmiling face.
But France alone with downcaſt eyes is ſeen,
The ſad attendant of ſo good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her General—and her word:

For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon);
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE
NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not ſought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the Sun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

HYDE, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no text, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:

He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated Gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE muſick and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure and the pain?
Here their ſoft magick thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill!
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant Love more vaſſals makes than Fear.

No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE CORNISH SQUIRE,
A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy Sinner makes an aukward Prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.

If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna's a ſtateſman; Sydrophel, a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let thoſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN's THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, ſoon as nam'd,
This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the Poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the Muſes' ſtructures live.

The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By Beauty* founded, and by Wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſun his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'T is beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

A

SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN
IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE
TO MR. GAY,
ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrain,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE MERRY POETASTER AT SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

IN RETURN TO THE DOCTOR'S CONSOLATORY VERSES TO HIM, UPON THE LOSS OF HIS ROD*.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying verſe, aſſuage;
Immortal verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd proſe that did condemn thy ſong:

* See above, p. 109.

Thou, happy Bard, whoſe double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or ſpleen;
Whoſe lucky hand adminiſters repoſe
As well to breaking heart, as broken noſe;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was ſad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long diſuſe;
In ſilence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble ſtrain;
When, check'd by ſlaviſh conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the niece, and act the bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a ſong:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verſe,
While Dingle's loſs with ſorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow caves reſound
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the ſound;
Till Echo, chaunting it by juſt degree,
Shortens to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt; where's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learnt to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:

For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies;
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe,
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.
Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, though that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.
But oh! my friend, conſider, though ſhe's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, though from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets:
For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee,
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe.
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tendereſt ſounds I ſued; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.

I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly; but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating beverage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful Sorcereſs viſits this receſs;
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.

A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the diſtreſſed Sorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barks that beat the ſeas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet;
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian ſhore the Trojan ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Libyan coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore.
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:

First to his ſire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The Father of the Gods, deteſting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Though loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;

Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids: he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead;
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame:
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtile you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
But mortal, and religious rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic ſway,
Had I conſented to the God of Day.
With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of ſand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurſe's name.
Here did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
To wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And ſudden thus his late aſſociate greets:
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
Raging he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at every ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his griſly front he ſhrouds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane:
Oh! could I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.

At length a ſail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE

ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame,
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.

Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.
Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor houſhold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flowers,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the Goddeſs weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready Nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo Fates command),
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcymitar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
The nuptial right this outrage ſtraight attends;
The dower deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backwards ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did defeats.
And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
The myſtery thus attempted to explain.

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field:
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The Graces in the finiſh'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads ſu'd,
And every ſilver ſiſter of the flood:
Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows:
Where ſedgy Anio glides through ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte Goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on,
His heart no ſovereign would obey but one:
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the faireſt of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
Whene'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſtening on the plains;

The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flowery hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That ſought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chace the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone:

By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and every grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my every tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long, ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic power ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.

Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators, ſtiffen'd with their fears,
She ſees, and ſudden every limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay:
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſickening ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings:
Ere-long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt Fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuffering fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal power;
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.
His kindred Gods the Hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.

The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd:
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of lightning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſtrous ſtate to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.

Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſuffering ſeas could give, or war compleat;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient through ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, Love's bright Goddeſs thus reviles:
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feathers clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny;
And, wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.

Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls through windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd God frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimicks, but with geſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft' he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE

TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainſt fortune and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood, on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towery crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;

Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, ſhe ſaid;
Ceaſe Turnus, and the heavenly powers reſpect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees, on Ida ſtood,
And gave their ſhade to each deſcending God;
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhowers in ſpouts deſcend.
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoaking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas, are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembering what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan ſail, in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war.
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.

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Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain; ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boaſted once a ſovereign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings;
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft', with woeful ſhrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother Goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whoſe powerful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;

Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An apothëoſis, and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, Love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watery tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates, to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the Goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ætherial mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the Goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and ſtiles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Aſcanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the River God.

Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The Mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flattering ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurſery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtragglers to obey command;
Leſt the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:

Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft' would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſued the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs, a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.

Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
Though old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unſoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every ſmiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the God confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on every ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,

Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and, with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft' did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs and prayer;
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his prayers; inſults his agonies;
Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.

Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:
O Anaxaretè, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For Death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Erelong the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue, ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.

Warn'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!
The ſtory oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager winds, ſucceeds deſire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.
The ſires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd;
But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And ſilent march the city to ſurprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours; every urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heaven's imperial throne:
Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.

Long haſt thou promis'd an æthereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the power armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heavenly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Erelong the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the Meteor Maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe as now reſides above;
Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,

Retire to yon' ſteep Mount, with groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambaſſadreſs replies:
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear!
With looks of love he 'll ſmile away my care:
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my Heaven is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horn that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes;
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious prayers:
If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.

Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſovereign power as Fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
Far hence, ye Gods, this execration ſend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid:
If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs power.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and, ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So God-like is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

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THE

POEMS

OF

MR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in tranſlating theſe Verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of turn in Engliſh poetry to ſo dry a ſubject. The ſenſe of the Author is, I hope, no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome places to be ſome additions in the Engliſh verſes to the Greek text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained ſenſe of the Author's ſhort precept. I have in ſome few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict compariſon will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greateſt this, and firſt of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, obſerve thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy juſt regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the ſtars preferr'd,
To light and endleſs life, their virtue's ſure reward.
Due rights perform and honours to the dead,
To every wiſe, to every pious ſhade.

With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred ſhew:
For what concerns the reſt of human kind,
Chooſe out the man to virtue beſt inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy boſom bind.
Poſſeſt of ſuch a friend, preſerve him ſtill;
Nor thwart his counſels with thy ſtubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgive;
For ſtrong neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itſelf unknown before, t'exert.
By uſe thy ſtronger appetites aſſwage,
Thy gluttony, thy ſloth, thy luſt, thy rage:
From each diſhoneſt act of ſhame forbear;
Of others, and thyſelf, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyſelf thy thoughts control,
And guard the ſacred temple of thy ſoul.
Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide,
And reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy paſt life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill moſt juſtly be repaid.

For wealth, the periſhing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to paſs;
Revolve the getter's joy and loſer's pain,
And think, if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'ſt, from wiſdom ſeek relief,
And let her healing hand aſſwage thy grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cauſe ſoever multiplies thy pains,
Let not thoſe pains as ills be underſtood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reaſoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy reſolution ſwerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And ſweet perſuaſion wins the eaſy to believe.
When fools and lyars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and firſt, thyſelf concern;
Let not example, let no ſoothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's ſong,
To do thy ſoul's immortal eſſence wrong.

Of good and ill by words or deeds expreſt,
Chooſe for thyſelf, and always chooſe the beſt.
  Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy taſk before begun,
Leſt folly ſhould the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs labours with diſgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
Act without thought, and thoughtleſs words they waſte.
But thou, in all thou doſt, with early cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a fate like theirs;
That ſorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor ſharp repentance make thee wiſe too late.
  Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever ſhall increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.
  Nor let the body want its part, but ſhare
A juſt proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all ſupply'd.
Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair;
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits chear.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong,
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte.
Yet flying theſe, be watchful, leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I tranſgreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what-e'er from firſt to laſt,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has paſt.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.

Theſe thoughts, and chiefly theſe thy mind ſhould move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred lore
Firſt to mankind explain'd the myſtic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy prayers aſcend,
And to the gods thy labours firſt commend:
From them implore ſucceſs, and hope a proſperous end.
So ſhall thy abler mind be taught to ſoar,
And wiſdom in her ſecret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So ſhalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How univerſal Nature is the ſame;
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched man, thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborn cauſe of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happineſs they dwell.
Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid, to their own ſad fate agree:

Like ponderous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of chioce and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in every boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And every yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Would'ſt thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the Dæmon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celeſtial eſſence part.
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd.
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from every pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul;
So rightly judge; thy reaſon ſo maintain;
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A
POEM
ON
THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.
HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO
THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coaſt,
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
Vouchſafe the Muſe's humbler joy to hear;
For ſacred numbers ſhall be ſtill thy care;
Though mean the verſe, though lowly be the ſtrain,
Though leaſt regarded be the Muſe, of all the tuneful train,
Yet riſe, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Aſſert th' inſpiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verſe; to heaven belong
The counſels of the wiſe, and battles of the ſtrong.
To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her juſtice wretches to redreſs,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;

Thence is her power, her ſceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the ſtubborn, and repreſs the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to aſſwage,
To heal their breaches, and to ſooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which preſides
In each deſign, and every action guides;
Thence is ſhe taught her ſhining court to grace,
And fix the worthieſt in the worthieſt place,
To truſt at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And ſend victorious Churchill forth to war.
Ariſe, ye nations reſcued by her ſword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Ariſe, and join the heroine to bleſs,
Behold ſhe ſends to ſave you from diſtreſs;
Rich is the royal bounty ſhe beſtows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and ſafety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, diſdain
To wear inſlav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For ſee! the Britiſh genius comes, to chear
Thy fainting ſons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their ſouls ſhe warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms,
Unhappy land! the foremoſt once in fame,
Once lifting to the ſtars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms ſevere,
The weſtern kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conſcious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy firſt renown?
How art thou ſunk among the nations now!
How haſt thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they ſtood,
And doubly dy'd their croſs in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And thoſe who fought for freedom, ſigh'd for love.
Like one, thoſe ſacred flames united live,
At once they languiſh, and at once revive;
Alike they ſhun the coward and the ſlave,
But bleſs the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verſe untrue:
Though we diſdain that man ſhould man ſubdue,
Yet all the free-born race are ſlaves alike to you.
Yet, once again that glory to reſtore,
The Britons ſeek the Celtiberian ſhore.
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowſy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Auſtria, waves his ſhining ſword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a ſure ſucceſs;
Then leaps exulting on the hoſtile ſtrand,
And thinks the deſtin'd ſceptre in his hand.
Nor fate denies, what firſt his wiſhes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juſter claim,

With the firſt laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath beſtows.
But ſoon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his hoſt, then ſcorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler ſpoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breaſts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawleſs love, not vengeance, nor deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, ſtriving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel ſtrife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs ſuſpended conqueſt hung;
Till, forc'd at length, diſdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the Britiſh valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conſcious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to ſhare,
Above diſtreſs, unconquer'd by deſpair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But, lo! when every better hope was paſt,
When every day of danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far on the diſtant ocean, they ſurvey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy deſcry,
Upon the chief's tall top-maſts waving high,
The Britiſh croſs and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecſtaſy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle through the ſpacious ſkies;
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the ſhores, repel the ſound,
Ring with the deafening ſhock, and thunder all around.
Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's ſiege diſtreſs'd,
Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Aſcanius, then in arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and every other want ſupply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:
Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.

But oh! what verſe, what numbers, ſhall reveal
Thoſe pangs of rage and grief the vanquiſh'd feel!
Who ſhall retreating Philip's ſhame impart,
And tell the anguiſh of his labouring heart!
What paint, what ſpeaking pencil ſhall expreſs
The blended paſſions ſtriving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorſe,
With thoughts of glory paſt, the loſer's greateſt curſe.

Fatal ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain.
All hail! ye ſofter, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſt with learned eaſe;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, Goddeſs Muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, ſafe, no pleaſures, there no pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns, but what thy groves beſtow.
Me, nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
Nor wiſhing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Paſt by their ſacred hill, and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune ſeems to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate,

From hence! —— But oh! too ſoon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate;
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame, the noble ſtrife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But ſought in the cold ſhade, and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſted eaſe and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference
Turn'd to their reſt, and left the world to chance.
So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of ſleep in ſhades below;
Nodding and ſlow, his drowſy head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred meſſage heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And ſunk to his firſt ſloth and indolence again.
But oh, my Muſe! th' ungrateful toil forſake,
Some taſk more pleaſing to thy numbers take,
Nor chooſe in melancholy ſtrains to tell
Each harder chance the juſter cauſe befel.
Or rather turn, auſpicious turn thy flight,
Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
Where higheſt deeds the poet's breaſt inſpire
With rage divine, and fan the ſacred fire.

See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wondering eyes,
And ſhock my labouring ſoul with vaſt ſurprize;
At once the wide-extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar aſcends promiſcuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe.
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and inſatiate ſlaughter roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents, rapid in their courſe,
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſtening ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,

While much they fear, what ills it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the watery gods contend.
High in the midſt, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleaſing Liberty his labours chear'd;
But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The union-croſs his ſilver ſhield did bear,
And in his decent hand he ſhook a warlike ſpear.
While Victory celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his ſword with ſure ſucceſs,
Dooms him the proud oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or ſuch the painter * did the hero feign,
Where ruſhing on, and fierce, he ſeems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majeſtic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his ſide.

* Le Brun.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's ſide;
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy ſhade,
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town, and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what heaven had deſtin'd to deſtroy.
What vaſt reward, O Europe, ſhalt thou pay
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wondering ſons the hero's praiſe!
To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.
O happy thou! where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main:

What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd,
When fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!
How didſt thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve,
And fixt ſucceſs where thou haſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil!
Like kings of old returning from the ſpoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare;
Lowly he kneels before the royal ſeat,
And lays its proudeſt wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for eaſe,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, ſhare.
Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds freſh luſtre to each beauteous face;
Britain preſerv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleaſure each fair boſom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's ſtore
So rich, ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with graces never known before.

Fierce with tranſporting joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft feature takes a ſprightly turn;
New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war.
No rude deſtroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe,
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The chearful voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Conſenting join their happineſs to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conquering ſword.
O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greateſt William once below!

What place ſoe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright ſource of everlaſting bliſs,
Where-e'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with ſtars, thou tread'ſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy heaven a-while forſake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight,
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are,
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counſels, and laborious wars;
Like thee aſpires by virtue to renown,
Fights to ſecure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himſelf, and gives away a crown.
At length thy prayer, O pious prince! is heard,
Heaven has at length in its own cauſe appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithleſs breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and juſtice, ſhall ſucceed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muſe, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the Gaul ſhall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hoſtile Britain feels:

Swift to her friends diſtreſs'd her ſuccours fly,
And diſtant wars her wealthy ſons ſupply:
From ſlow unactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languiſhing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious ſtateſmen riot in exceſs,
And lazy prieſts whole provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd ſoldier ſues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treaſure ſends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he ſpeeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul ſhall dear repay
The ſpoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Chear'd by the preſence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each ſoldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their creſts the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and ſoon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and ſucceſsful haſte,
O'er every barrier fortunate they paſs'd,
Which nature or the ſkilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,

Vainly in war's myſterious rules is wiſe,
Lurks where tall woods and thickeſt coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a conqueſt from ſurprize.
Now with ſwift horſe the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he ſeems,
Secur'd by ſteepy banks and rapid ſtreams;
While river-gods in vain exhauſt their ſtore;
From plenteous urns the guſhing torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt margins to the plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the warrior's haſte in vain;
Alike they paſs the plain and cloſer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the ſwelling flood,
Unſhaken ſtill purſue the ſtedfaſt courſe,
And where they want their way, they find it or they force.
But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infeſt,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breaſt;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And ſadly thinks on loſt Bavaria's fate,
The hapleſs mark of fortune's cruel ſport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg ſupport
From the ſlow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his laſt retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient ſeat,
He ſees from far where wide deſtructions ſpread,
And fiery ſhowers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd ſtate,
And curſe the unrelenting tyrant's hate.
But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had reſolv'd it, and he would be there;

Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itſelf unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the ſun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus conſtant to his courſe ſets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is born,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly ſuccour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the ſteep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they ruſh, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions ſeem
To ſtem the rage of the reſiſtleſs ſtream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the field;
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquiſh'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their ſight,
'Tis all or conqueſt or inglorious flight;
Swift to their reſcued friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they chear,
And ſave them in the moment of deſpair.
So timely to the aid of ſinking Rome,
With active haſte did great Camillus come:
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarians ſnatch'd his prey,
And ſav'd his country in one ſignal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis, ceaſe!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Leſt heaven diſcloſe ſome yet more fatal ſcene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Leſt from thy hand thou ſee thy ſceptre torn,
And humbled in the duſt thy loſſes mourn:
Leſt urg'd at length thy own repining ſlave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Purſue thy hoary head with curſes to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY* HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with ſafety I commend
This verſe, the ſecret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I ſecurely truſt,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be juſt.
The Muſe, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conſcious of folly, fears attending ſhame,
Fears the cenſorious world, and loſs of fame.
Some confident by chance ſhe finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verſe undo),
Whoſe fond compaſſion ſooths her in the ſin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.

* Anne Counteſs of Winchelſea.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods beſt gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own.
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
None could the cenſor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.
Ill-natur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verſe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.

The Stage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jeſt:
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come,
Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten Saints do more than ſuch a One.
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her ſway,
And all Parnaſſus her bleſs'd laws obey.

Say, from what ſacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treaſures flow, which in thy verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breaſt?
Our ſordid earth ne'er bred ſo bright a flame,
But from the ſkies, thy kindred ſkies, it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that "All is Vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verſe the leaſt vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to thoſe bleſs'd manſions reach,
And mortal Muſes may immortal teach,

In verſe like his, the heavenly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure, no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic ſtream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſque comes in!
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope, and falſer fears;
Each vice, each paſſion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Stateſman, Coquet, gay Fop, and penſive Nun,
Spectres and Heroes, Huſbands and their Wives,
With Monkiſh Drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs through my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The ſullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſafer ſhade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the Twin-ſtars, ſo fam'd for friends,
Who ſet by turns, and riſe;
When one to Thetis' lap deſcends,
His brother mounts the ſkies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
Theſe nymphs by turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling does prepare
The riſing to ſuſtain.

The joys of either ſex in love,
In each of them we read;
Succeſſive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM

TO

THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Maſter Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both *tranſlated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE's.

WHILE at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI's FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Latian Signors come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT; OR, THE WAY TO WIN HIM:

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great Original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play:
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe and will to rove,
With language, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.

* See, The Wild-Gooſe Chace.

Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.

Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurprize;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhould e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy power to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you 've turn'd him off a week;
As princes when they reſty ſtateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn them out.
What-e'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
As much, ev'n for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man for Marriage Rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;
Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't – let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER: A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for alimony ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the plaintiff ſtage, and the defendant town.
When firſt you took us from our father's houſe,
And lovingly our intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, bus'neſs, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?

Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curſe,
They were ſo like you, that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, APRIL 7, 1709, AT HER PLAYING IN "LOVE FOR LOVE" WITH MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. BETTERTON.

AS ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance diſaſtrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels ſoft pity urge his generous breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in mail, he ſallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.

So we, to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid Old Thomas, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two * at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd,
You ſee what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Though old, yet find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But true as ſteel he's metal to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, though preſent praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roſcius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakeſpeare's ghoſt had ris'n to do him right.
With indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſe's labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle claſp him round the waiſt.

But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work compleat:
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſure paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buſkin* there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'ſcape my Lover made,
That Cup and Meſſage—I was ſore afraid—
Was that a preſent for a new-made Widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was—Oh! Gad! a naſty Heart and Blood†,

* Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Segiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is ſent by the Father to his Daughter, as a preſent.

If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His Bowl ſhould have inclos'd a Cordial rather,
Something to chear me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Barde—or comfortable Nants*!
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our ſex's ſecrets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other Matters fitting for a Bride,
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miſs the Heart, does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion Hearts of late are made in,
They are the vileſt Baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With Hearts of Oak, ſo much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to Mother-church and State;
When their falſe Hearts were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of Soul-Inſurers,
The Tyburn Tribe of ſpeech-making Non-jurors;
Who, in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen, damn'd Double-meaning.
Oh! would you loſt integrity reſtore,
And boaſt that Faith your plain fore-fathers bore;

* i. e. Citron-Water and good Brandy.

What ſurer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind!
See how his Looks his honeſt Heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future Reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR:

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They 've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Non-juring Separation Saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our ſureſt, beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muſe preſumes to mention here.

* The Prince of Wales, then preſent.

Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky:
While theirs —— but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the juſtice's enquiring clerk.
In cloſe back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There ſafe, he lets his thundering cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lye,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born ſtate?
Here, every hour, freſh, hateful objects riſe,
Peace and proſperity afflict their eyes;
With anguiſh, prince and people they ſurvey,
Their juſt obedience and his righteous ſway.
Ship off, ye ſlaves, and ſeek ſome paſſive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your Tranſalpine maſter's rule reſort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your poſſeſſions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordſhips at Urbino.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown:
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber's Peg* inflame
The ſober earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That, careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To play-houſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

* Signora Franceſco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongſtreſs.

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At griſly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected:
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waiſt, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend: for why?
My lady marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhould hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth*."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toaſt their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonſon, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with captain Vanburgh at the preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes, and models,
And builds dukes houſes upon very odd hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple† and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;

* The dialect of the elder Tonſon.
† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.

And though for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my Bunnians * at your fire;
If I to Bow-ſtreet ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay ſailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your ſake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Caſk, whoſe venerable head
With hoary down and ancient duſt o'er-ſpread,
Proclaims, that ſince the vine firſt brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the ſprightly juice thou doſt contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or ſenſeleſs noiſe and lewdneſs move,
Or ſleep, the cure of theſe and every other pain.

* Jacob's term for his corns.

II.

Since to ſome day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by fate;
This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich ſtream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And Socrates himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would ſometimes unbend
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly power that chear'd his gloomy ſoul.

IV.

With kind conſtraint ill-nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling cynic to a friend.
The ſage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The ſwain, who did ſome credulous nymph perſuade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toaſts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidſt his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude diſdain,
And vows to be a ſlave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendſhip do incline,
Crown this auſpicious Caſk, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away;
Ye tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the moon, and each pale ſtar,
Your beams ſhall yield to none, but his who brings the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breaſt
Late, with long eaſe and peaceful pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the wretch, that ſtill has been thy ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle ſway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful breaſts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy ſwans their gloſſy wings expand,
And ſwiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy ſlave, and fit for thy command.
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his rivals with ſucceſs,
In gold and marble ſhall thy ſtatues ſtand.

Beneath the ſacred ſhade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouſe's gentle flood,
With odorous beams a temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy praiſe,
Till the fair ſtream, and wood, and love itſelf decays.
There while rich incenſe on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and ſwains,
In melting ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Mix'd with their ſofter flutes, ſhall tell their flames by turns.
As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours ſhall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a bluſhing maid,
A troop of either ſex ſhall lead,
And twice the Salian meaſures round thy altar tread.
Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together riſe, together ſit:
But, goddeſs, do thou ſtay, and bleſs alone the night.
There may'ſt thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more falſe beauty ſhall my paſſion move;
Nor ſhall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the proteſting maid.
With love the ſprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my brow,
And round my chearful temples fragrant odours ſhed.
But tell me, Cynthia, ſay, bewitching fair,
What mean theſe ſighs? why ſteals this falling tear?

And when my ſtruggling thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my tongue refuſe to move;
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and ſeas, the ſcornful maid purſue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV. IMITATED.

TO

RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend,
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou doſt in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muſe inſpires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of ſome grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyſelf thou all thoſe rules doſt ſhow,
That good men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy maſs of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celeſtial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

And though they did profuſely wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true uſe of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurſe wiſh for her darling boy
A happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition aſk beyond
A ſoul by wiſdom's nobleſt precepts crown'd?
To this fair ſpeech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock the ſecret treaſures of the mind,
And make the bleſſing common to mankind.
On theſe let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an eſtate as no extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.
Amidſt uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
Tumultuous ſtrife, and miſerable fears,
Prepare for all events thy conſtant breaſt,
And let each day be to thee as thy laſt.
That morning's dawn will with new pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy eyes.
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in eaſe you 'll find, ſleek, freſh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine * you 'll find
His true diſciple, and your faithful friend.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brighteſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt opening beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle from a neighbouring field,
With fond deſires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the *gentle flower* with ſofter arts.
Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride.
With pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing pair* combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning year,
One ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting grace, thou, O my Roſe! ſhalt be,
The warlike Thiſtle's *arms*, a ſure *defence to thee*.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD *.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the wealthy and the great appear'd;
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt level of mankind,
Where nor *too little* nor *too much* gives the *true peace of mind*.

* In his Meditationes Sacræ.

ON
THE LAST JUDGMENT,
AND
THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day, from every part, the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering duſt,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The reverend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all thoſe tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more ſacred friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from paſſion, and the dregs of ſenſe,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlaſting Being ſhall commence:
There, like their days, their joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No night ſhall riſe, to ſhade heaven's glorious ſun,
But one eternal holy-day go on.

COLIN's COMPLAINT.

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS."

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?

To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy falſe-one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Though through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymyhs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to ſhew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt, where he once beg'd to lie,
And the ſtream, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to reſt;
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But Colin is only in jeſt:
No death the deceiver deſigns,
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

IV.

Can ſhepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes paſſion his ſport,
Beware of ſo fatal a game:
My voice of no muſic can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine,
But Colin may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now ſit and weep:
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps, I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſic as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The heart's-eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid;
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee!

VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Though ſecret yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata ſui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ſiccis Cælia fixa ſedet;
At quanquam lacrymis faſtus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Diſtorquent aliæ vultus, ſimulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè ſincera eſt Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura eſt, non perſonata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, 1714;

BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHOEBUS and Ceſar once conſpir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuſcan race.
The monarch, greatly conſcious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Conſul's Faſces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to beſtow,
And teach the ſtreams of treaſure where to flow:
To him he bade the ſuppliant nations come,
And on his counſels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The God of Wit, who taught him firſt to ſing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal ſtring,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my ſhare;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The ſervice of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian Star an emblem ſhine;
His mind, and her imperial ſeat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Theſpian maids, he ſaid:
The willing Muſes the command obey'd,
And wove the deathleſs laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1726.

THY Guardian, bleſt Britannia, ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows, to *ſave*, is greater than *deſtroy*.

SONG

ON

A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine;
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The ſummit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like ſervants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they ſaid,
That every thing look'd freſh and fair;
Her herds in flowery paſtures ſtray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood ſhade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneaſy grown within my breaſt,
My breath come ſhort, and in each part
Some new diſorder ſeem to ſtart,
Which pain'd me ſore and broke my reſt.

IV.

Some noxious vapour ſure, I ſaid,
From this unwholeſome ſoil muſt riſe;
Some ſecret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that ſhade,
That does the powers of life ſurprize.

V.

Soon as the ſkilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike ſhe kills in every air,
The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

ON

MR. ADDISON's GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the ſea!
Who chain loud ſtorms, and ſtill the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover ſafe again.

II.

When Albion's ſhore with chearleſs heart he left,
Penſive and ſad upon the deck he ſtood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his ſorrows in the ſwelling flood.

III.

Ah, faireſt maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his juſt reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wiſhes join,
That thou at length may'ſt pay him for his pain.

IV.

And ſince his love does thine alone purſue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And ſhun thy ſex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and ſtate,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre ſhall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit ſhall ſpeak thy beauty's praiſe;
When harmony ſhall thy ſoft ſoul ſurprize,
Sooth all thy ſenſes, and thy paſſions raiſe:

VII.

Amidſt whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight ſincere,
Till thy own trueſt Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t'other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Converſation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever ſmiling,
All the pleaſures here below,
Men can aſk, or gods beſtow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell* and How.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——*.

I.

AS on a ſummer's day
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II.

And as ſhe paſſed by
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And doſt thou nothing heed,
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed!

* Afterwards his wife.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and ſtate,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre ſhall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit ſhall ſpeak thy beauty's praiſe;
When harmony ſhall thy ſoft ſoul ſurprize,
Sooth all thy ſenſes, and thy paſſions raiſe:

VII.

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Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight ſincere,
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Shall be given away,
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* Afterwards his wife.

IV.

There's not a ſingle ſwain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now buſily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

V.

Shall another maiden ſhine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull ſwain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear deſert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beſide?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely ruſſet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and ſo ſheen;
Or the brighteſt Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a ſilken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this ſhade,
And a ſhepherd all thy own.

SONG.

AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin ſat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet ſtream, he cry'd ſadly, I 'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye ſoft ſlumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy ſoft murmurs might lull her to ſleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never cloſe,
Ah willow, &c.
So the ſleep that I loſe brings my fair one repoſe,
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loſs of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be chear'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to loſe thyſelf, haſte;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verſe is my laſt;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To ſoften every pain!
How do we catch the healing ſound,
And feel the ſoothing ſtrain!

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off every ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recals the ſpring.

SONG.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of ſo ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton ſymptoms of ranging;
Still I reſolv'd againſt being wiſe,
And lov'd you in ſpite of your changing.

SHE.

Why ſhould you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithleſs maid,
But nature's inclination.
'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new-one.

TO
LORD WARWICK,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love;
The Muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning day,
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the ſoul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aſpire,
Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire:
All various praiſe, all honours, let him prove,
Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love:
With honeſt zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind.
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.
Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date.

TO
LADY JANE WHARTON,
ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but chearleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are paſt,
Thoſe beams on other objects ſhall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero, with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw thoſe eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How ſhall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want thoſe ſuns that riſe for them no more?
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

TO
MRS. PULTENEY,
UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain.
One only joy which in her heart ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's diſgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious riſing year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train;
Muſe, ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.

But, oh! what ſkill, what maſter hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band?
Looſe like my verſe they dance, and all without command.
Images of faireſt things
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet proſperity,
Faith and chearful loyalty,
With ſmiling love and deathleſs poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling ſhades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,
Jealous fear, and falſe ſurmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honeſt grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the ſacred ſcyon ſprings,
See the glad promiſe of a line of kings!

Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure?
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell,
His voice attempering to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth?
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe!
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace,
Still pour the bleſſings forth, and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,

Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent planets who aſcend the ſky,
On the opening year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and eaſy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine ſuſtains.
Britannia's angel be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh ſpread thy ſacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected ſhore:
None preſuming to withſtand
Thy celeſtial armed hand,
While, his ſacred head to ſhade,
The blended croſs on high thy ſilver ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of mind, and joy ſerene,
In her ſacred eyes are ſeen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beſide her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.

A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence,
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, ſtanding by,
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale Envy, and thou cold Deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs wild, and the bleak northern hill;
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping winds, the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, Hope, with ſmiling chear,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a choſen band!
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increaſe and chaſte connubial love:

Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch, thus, they raiſe the public voice.
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
Better ſuns for thee ariſe,
Purer breezes fan the ſkies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dreſt,
Joy abounds in every breaſt,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is bleſt.

SONG

FOR

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Faireſt month, in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Though the graces ſmile beſide thee:
Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offspring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable ſire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inſpire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow ſo glad!

II.

Now I ſee the reaſon plain,
Now I ſee thy jolly train:
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next ſucceeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year.

III.

While from the froſty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conſcious fire exulting ſees
The ſeaſons ſpread their rich increaſe;

So duſky night and chaos ſmil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliſs thou doſt ſupply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleaſures die,
Some new one ſtill is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our paſſions, like the ſeaſons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppreſs'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better viſage now ſhe wears,
And now at once ſhe quits her fears:
Strife and war no more ſhe knows,
Rebel ſons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty maſter,
In ſecurity ſhe ſits;
Plants her looſe foundations faſter,
And her ſorrows paſt forgets.

VII.

Happy iſle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining ſtill obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy ſhore,
While conteſting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU faireſt, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring Peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs!

II.

Hoary Winter ſmiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and ſeaſons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddeſs, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is bleſt;
In thee the deareſt of the purple eaſt:
'Tis thine immortal pleaſures to impart,
Mirth to inſpire, and raiſe the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful ſtring belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's ſong.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's faireſt creatures,
Can deſcribe her heavenly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you ſee her ſuch as Jove
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every ſweetly ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures:
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offſpring bleſs us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæſar and indulging Heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

O D E

FOR

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial Muſe, and ſay,
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſons bleſt?
Is it in Fate, that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the Eaſt?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea's or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides through poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer ſing.
Not, Danube, thou whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raiſe:
In the great Mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES*,
FOR THE YEAR 1719.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly ſtars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;
From thy tributary ſeas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and ſeaſons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the ſkies,
Auguſta's hallow'd domes ariſe;
And there thy ample boſom pours
Her numerous ſouls and floating towers;
Whoſe terrors late to vanquiſh'd Spain were known,
And Ætna ſhook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fulleſt flags thou doſt ſuſtain,
While thy banks confine thy courſe;
Emblem of our Cæſar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

* This Ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claimed by him in his works, p. 57. N.

V.

So may'ſt thou ſtill, ſecur'd by diſtant wars,
Ne'er ſtain thy cryſtal with domeſtic jars:
As Cæſar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming year.

VI.

On thy ſhady margin,
Care its load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle reſt:
Britain thus diſarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall ſleep on Cæſar's breaſt.

VII.

Sweet to diſtreſs is balmy ſleep,
To ſleep auſpicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding ſheep,
To thirſt, thy ſilver ſtreams:
More ſweet than all, the praiſe
Of Cæſar's golden days:
Cæſar's praiſe is ſweeter;
Britain's pleaſure greater;
Still may Cæſar's reign excel;
Sweet the praiſe of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindeſt fate;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts beſtow;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

THE
STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.
FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair aſſembly broke;
The ſea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-ſpread main,
Swift to the ſafer ſhore returns again.
There o'er the ſandy margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs footſteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in ſome winding creek's ſecure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and ſhuns the noon-day's heat.
Her Glaucus ſaw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the ſeas, and late receiv'd a god.
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandiſhment he ſtrove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he ſues, the more ſhe wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
Steep ſhelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodleſs ſtood;
Here, by the place ſecur'd, her ſteps ſhe ſtay'd,
And, trembling ſtill, her lover's form ſurvey'd.
His ſhape, his hue, her troubled ſenſe appall,
And dropping locks that o'er his ſhoulders fall;
She ſees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fiſh's wreathy tail below:
She ſees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god, or monſter kind.

This Glaucus ſoon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear
(His hand ſupporting on a rock lay near)
Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needleſs fear.
Nor fiſh am I, nor monſter of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
Nor he whoſe breath inſpires the ſounding ſhell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myſelf but late a mortal was:
Ev'n then in ſeas, and ſeas alone, I joy'd;
The ſeas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
In meſhes now the twinkling prey I drew,
Now ſkilfully the ſlender line I threw,
And ſilent ſate the moving float to view.
Not far from ſhore, there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water ſpread:
There, nor the horned heifers browſing ſtray,
Nor ſhaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
There, nor the ſounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural ſwains their genial chaplets pull;
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the buſhy graſs:
Thither, ſure firſt of living race came I,
And ſat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My ſcaly prize, in order all diſplay'd,
By number on the green-ſword there I lay'd,
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold! yet what avails a lye?
I ſaw them bite the graſs, as I ſate by;

Then ſudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
They ſpread their finns, as in their native main:
I paus'd, with wonder ſtruck, while all my prey
Left their new maſter, and regain'd the ſea.
Amaz'd, within my ſecret ſelf I ſought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
But ſure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd;
And ſtrait I pluck'd ſome neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taſte,
When ſtrong convulſions ſhook my troubled breaſt;
I felt my heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Reſtleſs I grew, and every place forſook,
And ſtill upon the ſeas I bent my look.
Farewell, for ever! farewell, land! I ſaid;
And plung'd amidſt the waves my ſinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away.
The watery parents to their ſuit agreed,
And thrice nine times a ſecret charm they read,
Then with luſtrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred ſtreams:
A hundred ſtreams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come ruſhing down.
Thus far each paſſage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
But then oblivion dark on all my ſenſes fell.

Again at length my thought reviving came,
When I no longer found myſelf the ſame;
Then firſt this ſea-green beard I felt to grow,
And theſe large honours on my ſpreading brow;
My long-deſcending locks the billows ſweep,
And my broad ſhoulders cleave the yielding deep;
My fiſhy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail theſe uſeleſs honours now?
What joys can immortality beſtow?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it, while fair Scylla ſcorns my love?
Thus far the god; and more he would have ſaid;
When from his preſence flew the ruthleſs maid.
Stung with repulſe, in ſuch diſdainful ſort,
He ſeeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By NICHOLAS ROWE.

" Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,
" Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires."

VIRG.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceaſed huſband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little ſupported in it, by the honour which he propoſed to himſelf of dedicating it to your ſacred Majeſty. This deſign, which had given him ſo much pleaſure for ſome years, out-laſted his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was deſpaired of, and this part of the book remained unfiniſhed, he expreſſed to me his deſire, that this Tranſlation ſhould be laid at your Majeſty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majeſty's Royal Perſon and virtues. Had he lived to have made his own addreſs to your Majeſty upon this occaſion, he would have been able in ſome meaſure to have done juſtice to that exalted character, which it becomes ſuch as I am to admire in ſilence: being incapable of repreſenting my dear huſband in any thing, but in that profound humility and reſpect, with which I am,

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt dutiful

and moſt obedient ſervant,

ANNE ROWE.

PREFACE,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF

LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

By JAMES WELWOOD, M.D.
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I COULD not reſiſt Mr. Rowe's requeſt in his laſt ſickneſs, nor the importunities of his friends ſince, to introduce into the world this his poſthumous Tranſlation of Lucan, with ſomething by way of preface. I am very ſenſible how much it is out of my ſphere, and that I want both leiſure and materials, to do juſtice to the Author, or to the memory of the Tranſlator. The works of both will beſt plead for them; the one having already out-lived ſeventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taſte of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themſelves ſome friend to embalm their names to poſterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the firſt, are but very lame, and ſcattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reaſon why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's reſentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had ſacrificed to his revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equeſtrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been tranſplanted from Italy to Spain a conſiderable time before, and were inveſted with ſeveral dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a diſtinguiſhed merit and intereſt in his country, and not the leſs in eſteem for being the brother of the great philoſopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the moſt eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The ſtory that is told of Heſiod and Homer, of a ſwarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewiſe told of Lucan, and probably with equal

truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high eſteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the firſt impreſſion of the Latin tongue in the city where it was ſpoke in the greateſt purity. I wonder then to find ſome critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwiſe, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promiſing genius, and the rank of his family. His maſters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and laſtly, Cornutus, the Stoic philoſopher; to which ſect he ever after addicted himſelf.

It was in the courſe of theſe ſtudies he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Aulus Perſius, the ſatiriſt. It is no wonder that two men, whoſe geniuſes were ſo much alike, ſhould unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we conſider Lucan critically, we ſhall find in him a ſtrong bent towards Satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuſe than Perſius: but Satire is ſtill in his view, and the whole Pharſalia appears to me a continued invective againſt ambition and unbounded power.

The progreſs he made in all parts of learning muſt needs have been very great, conſidering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a ſuitable education: nor is it to be queſtioned, but beſides the maſters I have named, he had likewiſe the example and inſtructions of his uncle Seneca, the moſt conſpicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he ſat out in the world with the greateſt advantages poſſible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendſhip and protection of an uncle, who, beſides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But Rhetoric ſeems to have been the art he excelled moſt in, and valued himſelf moſt upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with univerſal applauſe. To this purpoſe it is obſervable, that he has interſperſed a great many orations in the Pharſalia, and theſe are acknowledged by all to be very ſhining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the beſt judge in theſe matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly maſter of both theſe arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of

the emperor: and it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he ſent for him from Athens, where he was at his ſtudies, to Rome for that purpoſe. Every one knows that Nero, for the five firſt years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philoſopher. It muſt have been in this ſtage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that *poetical incenſe* we find in the Firſt Book of the Pharſalia; for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in ſo groſs a manner, if he had then thrown off the maſk of virtue, and appeared in ſuch bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's ſoul ſeems to have been caſt in another mold: and he that durſt, throughout the whole Pharſalia, eſpouſe the party of Pompey, and the cauſe of Rome againſt Cæſar, could never have ſtooped ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monſter in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome Commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for ſome time in the higheſt favour and friendſhip with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made Quæſtor, and admitted into the College of Augurs,

before he attained the age required for theſe offices: in the firſt of which poſts he exhibited to the people of Rome a ſhow of gladiators at a vaſt expence. It was in this ſun-ſhine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accompliſhed in all parts of learning; inſomuch, that the three Firſt Books of the Pharſalia are ſaid to have been reviſed and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in hiſtory; and it is agreed by all that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter averſion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, muſt make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the caſe, blended with his other prejudices againſt him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the ſpirit and height of the Roman poetry was ſomewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Auguſtus, yet it was ſtill an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt degree, but, as moſt bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himſelf more upon his ſkill in that art, and in muſic, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or muſician. Now

Lucan, though then in favour, was too honeſt and too open to applaud the bombaſt ſtuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philoſopher; who, for not approving the verſes of Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promiſe of amendment, the philoſopher was ſet at liberty; but Dionyſius repeating to him ſome of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to diſpute the prize of eloquence with Nero in a ſolemn public aſſembly. The judges in that trial were ſo juſt and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*; but in return he loſt for ever the favour of his competitor. He ſoon felt the effects of the emperor's reſentment, for the next day he had an order ſent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were uſed to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conſcious enough of a ſuperior genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occaſion to treat Nero's verſes with the utmoſt contempt, and expoſe them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was ſeconded by his friend Perſius; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone at the emperor's expence. Perſius went ſo far, that he dared to attack openly ſome of Nero's verſes in his firſt Satire, where he brings-in his friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a ſample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as tranſlated thus by Mr. Dryden:

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe.
'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.
" The Dolphin brave,
" That cut the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line,
" Can chime the long-rib Apennine."
PERSIUS. All this is dogrel ſtuff.
FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."
PER. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe!
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.
FRIEND. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?
PER. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
" With blaſts inſpir'd: and Baſſaris, who ſlew
" The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the ſpotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes
" ſound."

The verſes marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of ſo delicate a taſte as Lucan and Perſius could not digeſt them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thouſand monſtrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuſe of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt rank, headed by Piſo, formed a conſpiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double ſcore; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the deſign. When it was juſt ripe for execution, it came to be diſcovered by ſome of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the firſt of the conſpirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occaſion ſome authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal ſtain upon his name, that, to ſave his life, he informed againſt his mother. This ſtory ſeems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the moſt unlikely thing in the world, conſidering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble ſcheme of philoſophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which ſhines in every page of his Pharſalia. It is probable, Nero himſelf, or ſome of his flatterers, might invent the ſtory, to blacken his rival to

poſterity; and ſome unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on truſt, without examining into the truth of it. We have ſeveral fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and, which makes it ſtill the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accuſed her unjuſtly. As this accuſation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, ſo it does the manner of his death. It is univerſally agreed, that having choſe to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he ſupped chearfully with his friends, and then, taking leave of them with the greateſt tranquillity of mind and the higheſt contempt of death, went into the bath, and ſubmitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's laſt alarm in every part, he called to mind a paſſage of his own in the IXth Book of the Pharſalia, which he repeated to the ſtanders-by, with the ſame grace and accent, with which he uſed to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The paſſage was that where he deſcribes a ſoldier of Cato's dying much after the ſame manner, being bit by a ſerpent, and is thus tranſlated by Mr. Rowe:

" So the warm blood at once from every part
" Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting
" heart.

" Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
" The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace.
" Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
" There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray.
" His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
" And ev'n the pores ouſe out the trickling blood;
" In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
" And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be ſeen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inſcription:

MARCO ANNAEO LVCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE,
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inſcription, if done by Nero's order, ſhows, that, even in ſpite of himſelf, he paid a ſecret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in ſome meaſure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inſcription to perpetuate his memory; his Pharſalia will out-live all theſe.

Lucan wrote ſeveral books, that have periſhed by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The firſt we are told he wrote, was a Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it is ſaid, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The reſt were, The Deſcent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is ſaid not to have ſpared

Nero that ſet it on fire; and a Poem in Praiſe of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewiſe ſeveral Books of Saturnalia; ten Books of Silvæ; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the Fate of Priam; to which ſome have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piſo, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the Book he ſtaked his fame on was his Pharſalia; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in reſpect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finiſh it.

Statius in his Sylvæ gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the Muſe Calliope accoſting him to this purpoſe: "When thou art ſcarce paſt the age of childhood "(ſays Calliope to Lucan) thou ſhalt play with "the valour of Achilles, and Hector's ſkill in "driving of a chariot. Thou ſhalt draw Priam "at the feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, beg-"ging the dead body of his darling ſon. Thou "ſhalt ſet open the gates of hell for Eurydice, "and thy Orpheus ſhall have the preference in a "full theatre, in ſpite of Nero's envy;" alluding to the diſpute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's deſcent into hell. "Thou ſhalt relate (continues "Calliope) that flame which the execrable tyrant "kindled, to lay in aſhes the miſtreſs of the "world; nor ſhalt thou be ſilent in the praiſes

" that are juſtly due to thy beloved wife; and " when thou haſt attained to riper years, thou " ſhalt ſing, in a lofty ſtrain, the fatal fields of " Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dread- " ful battle of Pharſalia, and the thundering wars " of that great captain, who, by the renown of " his arms, merited to be inrolled among the " gods. In that work (continues Calliope) thou " ſhalt paint, in never-fading colours, the auſtere " virtues of Cato, who ſcorned to out-live the " liberties of his country; and the fate of Pom- " pey, once the darling of Rome. Thou ſhalt, " like a true Roman, weep over the crime of the " young tyrant Ptolemy; and ſhalt raiſe to Pom- " pey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher " monument than the Egyptian pyramids. The " poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the learn- " ed fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the " Argonauts through ſuch vaſt ſeas to the conqueſt " of the golden fleece, the other that could ſtrike " an infinite number of forms from the firſt atoms " of matter, both of them ſhall give place to " thee without the leaſt envy, and even the divine " Æneid ſhall pay thee a juſt reſpect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the Pharſalia has promiſed himſelf immortality to his Poem. The firſt is in the Seventh Book, which I beg leave to give in proſe, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thouſand times better in verſe. " One day (ſays

" he) when theſe wars ſhall be ſpoken-of in ages " yet to come, and among nations far remote from " this clime, whether from the voice of fame " alone, or the real value I have given them by " this my hiſtory, thoſe that read it ſhall alter- " nately hope and fear for the great events therein " contained. In vain (continues he) ſhall they " offer up their vows for the righteous cauſe, " and ſtand thunderſtruck at ſo many various turns " of fortune; nor ſhall they read them as things " that are already paſt, but with that concern as " if they were yet to come, and ſhall range " themſelves, O Pompey, on thy ſide."

The other paſſage, which is in the Ninth Book, may be tranſlated thus: " Oh! Cæſar, profane " thou not through envy the funeral monuments " of theſe great patriots, that fell here ſacrifices " to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any " renown to a Roman Muſe, while Homer's " verſes ſhall be thought worthy of praiſe, they " that ſhall live after us, ſhall read his and mine " together: My Pharſalia ſhall live, and no time " nor age ſhall conſign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himſelf, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is ſcarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greateſt reſpect and the higheſt encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more inſtances.

I deſign not to enter into any criticiſm on the Pharſalia, though I had ever ſo much leiſure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain ſet of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and ſeem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell theſe gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by thoſe rules of an Epic Poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the ſame foot with Homer or Virgil, they muſt do him the juſtice at leaſt, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The Pharſalia is properly an Hiſtorical Heroic Poem, becauſe the ſubject is a known true ſtory. Now with our late critics, Truth is an unneceſſary trifle for an Epic Poem, and ought to be thrown aſide as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty genius in the Epic way. Hence it is, theſe critics obſerve, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the higheſt wonder and ſurprize; and the more improbable the ſtory is, ſtill the more wonderful and ſurprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taſte, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with ſurprizing circumſtances, big with the higheſt events, and conducted with all the arts of the moſt conſummate wiſdom, does not ſtrike the

leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting impreſſion on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants theſe ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compaſs of his ſtory. I am of opinion, that, in his firſt deſign of writing this poem of the civil wars, he reſolved to treat the ſubject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no ſhare in the work: but the force of cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor ſlavery, the principal deſign of the poem, induced him to embelliſh it with ſome fables, that without them his books would not be ſo univerſally read: ſo much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any ſhall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an hiſtorian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the Sixth book, where Sixtus enquires of the Theſſalian witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be anſwered, that perhaps the ſtory was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believed to be ſo in his time, which is a ſufficient excuſe for Lucan to have inſerted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is uſual to find ſome one paſſage in one hiſtorian, that

is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the ſame ſubject. For though I am fully perſuaded that all theſe Oracles and Reſponſes, ſo famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of prieſts; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was univerſally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excuſed for falling-in with a popular error, whether he himſelf believed it or no, eſpecially when it ſerved to enliven and embelliſh his ſtory. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin hiſtorians, abounds in ſuch relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an hiſtorian to mention ſuch things, we have a late inſtance in a noble author of our time, who has likewiſe wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixt in it the ſtory of the ghoſt of the duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the courſe of his hiſtory are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that ſometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumſtances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourſelves have ſeen, in the courſe of the late two famous wars, how differently almoſt every battle and ſiege has been repreſented, and ſometimes by thoſe of the ſame ſide, when at the ſame time there be a thouſand living witneſſes, ready to

contradict any falſehood, that partiality ſhould impoſe upon the world. This I may affirm, the moſt important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the univerſal conſent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in leſſer incidents or circumſtances, let the critics in hiſtory decide the queſtion: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes firſt diſcovered and publiſhed by Lucan, which may at leaſt conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of Secret Hiſtory.

After all I have ſaid on this head, I cannot but in ſome meaſure call in queſtion ſome parts of Cæſar's character as drawn by Lucan; which ſeem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the univerſal conſent of hiſtory. I wiſh I could vindicate him in ſome of his perſonal repreſentations of men, and Cæſar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and ſeries of his ſtory. He is not content only to deliver him down to poſterity, as the ſubverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can poſſibly be caſt upon any name: but he deſcribes him as purſuing that abominable end, by the moſt execrable methods, and ſome that were not in Cæſar's nature to be guilty of. Cæſar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exerciſe of the ſupreme power, a

noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occaſions: even Lucan, though never ſo much his enemy, has not omitted his generous uſage of Domitius at Corſinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his priſoners in Spain. What can be then ſaid for Lucan, when he repreſents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharſalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landſkip of Slaughter and Blood, and forbidding the bodies of ſo many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one paſſage of Cæſar's life gives countenance to a ſtory like this: and how commendable ſoever the zeal of a writer may be, againſt the oppreſſor of his country, it ought not to have tranſported him to ſuch a degree of malevolence, as to paint the moſt merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the moſt ſavage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the beſt of men are not guilty of them in ſome degree or other. How many inſtances have we in hiſtory of the beſt princes treated as the worſt of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced againſt them!

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, ſmarting under the laſhes of Nero's tyranny, ſhould exclaim in the bittereſt terms againſt the memory of Julius Cæſar, ſince it was from him that Nero derived that power to uſe mankind as he did?

Thoſe that lived in Lucan's time, did not conſider ſo much what Cæſar was in his own perſon, or temper, as what he was the occaſion of to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful ſtories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of ſenſe might give credit to them ſo far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devaſtations committed by his ſucceſſors. Reſentments of this kind in the ſoul of a man, fond of the ancient conſtitution of the commonwealth, ſuch as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight grounds, whatever was to the diſadvantage of one he looked upon as the ſubverter of that conſtitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards ſtabbed him; for perſonal prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato ſcorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæſar would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæſar; but would only beg the ſame indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other authors; for I cannot help believing all hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan ſhould thus miſtake this part of Cæſar's character, and yet do him ſo much juſtice in the reſt. His greatneſs of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generoſity, his conſummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all ſet forth in the beſt light upon every proper occaſion. He never makes him ſpeak, but it is with all the ſtrength of argument and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every inſtance of this; and I ſhall only mention the ſpeech to his army before the battle of Pharſalia, which in my opinion ſurpaſſes all I ever read, for the eaſy nobleneſs of expreſſion, the proper topics to animate his ſoldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few miſtakes in matters of fact, may be added thoſe of geography and aſtronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken ſome notice of them in his notes, I ſhall ſay nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to viſit the ſcenes where the actions he deſcribes were done, as ſome other hiſtorians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit ſome minute errors in theſe matters. As to aſtronomy, the ſchemes of that noble ſcience were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been ſince.

The method and diſpoſition of a work of this kind, muſt be much the ſame with thoſe obſerved by other hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better judgments: an hiſtorian who like Lucan has choſen to write in verſe, though he is obliged to have ſtrict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other hiſtorians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute paſſage, or circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main ſtory; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear heavy and flat, and conſequently incumber his genius, or his verſe. All theſe trifling parts of action would take off from the pleaſure and entertainment, which is the main ſcope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a ſiege, or the ſituation of a camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the relation of ſome great and important event, had better be ſpared than inſerted in a work of that kind. In a proſe writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable inſtances in moſt ancient hiſtorians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan againſt this rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary enumeration of the ſeveral parts of Gaul, where Cæſar's army was drawn together, in the Firſt Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with ſome beautiful verſes he

throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but ſtill in the main it is dry, and but of little conſequence to the ſtory itſelf. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæſar's confederates, as thoſe in the Third Book were Pompey's; and theſe laſt are particularly named, to expreſs how many nations eſpouſed the ſide of Pompey. Thoſe reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæſar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garriſons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewiſe think, that the digreſſion of Theſſaly, and an account of its firſt inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great conſequence to his purpoſe. I am ſure, it ſignifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharſalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Theſſaly, or which of its mountains lies Eaſt or Weſt.

But if theſe be faults in Lucan, they are ſuch as will be found in the moſt admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The ſtory itſelf is Noble and Great; for what can there be in hiſtory more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the higheſt importance to mankind, carried-on between the two greateſt Leaders that ever were, and by a people the moſt renowned for

arts and arms, and who were at that time maſters of the world? What a poor ſubject is that of the Æneid, when compared with this of the Pharſalia! And what a deſpicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by ſaying only, "be thou a King," made far greater kings than him! The ſcene of the Iliad contained but Greece, ſome iſlands in the Ægean and Ionian ſeas, with a very little part of the Leſſer Aſia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almoſt all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then miſtreſs of an empire, that reached from the ſtraits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caſpian ſeas, to Æthiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more ſtraitened in his ſubject. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, ſettles at laſt in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vaſt a diſproportion there is between the importance of the ſubject of the Æneid and that of the Pharſalia, that we find one ſingle Roman, Craſſus, maſter of more ſlaves on his eſtate, than Virgil's hero had ſubjects. In fine, it may be ſaid, nothing can excuſe him for his choice, but that he deſigned his hero for the anceſtor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an inſtance of Cæſar himſelf, when but proconſul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæſar's letters to him ſome time before. The words are theſe; "As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you "recommended to me, I will, if you pleaſe, make "him king of Gaul; but, if you would have me "advance any other friend of yours, ſend him to "me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, ſuch as Cæſar was, to diſpoſe of kingdoms as they pleaſed; and Cæſar himſelf had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one ſurpriſing inſtance more, of the prodigious greatneſs of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was maſter of all Egypt; and, marching to the conqueſt of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the ſenate, and refuſes to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, ſtartled at the command that was contained in them, to ſtop the progreſs of his victories, aſked a ſhort time to conſider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a

ſtick he had in his hand. "Return me an an-
"ſwer," ſaid he, "before thou ſtirreſt out of
"this circle, or the Roman people are no more
"thy friends." Antiochus, after a ſhort pauſe, told him with the loweſt ſubmiſſion, he would obey the ſenate's commands. Upon which, Popilius gives him his hand, and ſalutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up ſo great a monarchy, and ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reaſon to ſend word to the ſenate, as he did by his ambaſſadors, that he had obeyed their commands with the ſame ſubmiſſion, as if they had been ſent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digreſſion. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever ſo little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept poſſeſſion of the firſt places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for ſo many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I ſay there are ſeveral paſſages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that ſhines almoſt in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I ſhall only take notice of one inſtance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæſar, in a ſtorm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greateſt confuſion and deſpair, though he had aſſurance from the gods that he ſhould one day ſettle and raiſe a new empire in Italy. Cæſar, on the contrary, is repreſented

perfectly ſedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten-up as much upon this occaſion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharſalia and Munda. Courage would have coſt Virgil nothing, to have beſtowed it on his hero; and he might as eaſily have thrown him upon the coaſt of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very ſevere upon Virgil on this account, and has criticized upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

" Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
" Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c."

" Seized as he is," ſays St. Evremont, " with " this chilneſs through all his limbs, the firſt ſign " of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he " lifts up his hands to heaven, and, in all appear- " ance, would implore its ſuccour, if the condition " wherein the good hero finds himſelf, would " afford him ſtrength enough to raiſe his mind to " the gods, and pray with attention. His ſoul, " which could not apply itſelf to any thing elſe, " abandons itſelf to lamentations; and like thoſe " deſolate widows, who upon the firſt trouble they " meet with, wiſh they were in the grave with " their dear huſbands, the poor Æneas bewails " his not having periſhed before Troy with " Hector, and eſteems them very happy who " left their bones in the boſom of ſo ſweet and " dear a country. " Some people," adds he,

" may perhaps believe he ſays ſo, becauſe he " envies their happineſs; but I am perſuaded," ſays St. Evremont, " it is for fear of the danger " that threatens him." The ſame author, after he has expoſed his want of courage, adds, " The " good Æneas hardly ever concerns himſelf in " any important or glorious deſign: it is enough " for him that he diſcharges his conſcience in the " office of a pious, tender, and compaſſionate " man. He carries his father on his ſhoulders, " he conjugally laments his dear Creüſa, he " cauſes his nurſe to be interred, and makes a " funeral pile for his truſty pilot Palinurus, for " whom he ſheds a thouſand tears. Here is (ſays " he) a ſorry hero in paganiſm, who would have " made an admirable ſaint among ſome Chriſtians." In ſhort, it is St. Evremont's opinion, " he was " fitter to make a founder of an order than a " ſtate."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take notice, that the ſtorm in Lucan is drawn in ſtronger colours, and ſtrikes the mind with greater horror than that of Virgil; notwithſtanding the firſt has no ſupernatural cauſe aſſigned for it, and the latter is raiſed by a god, at the inſtigation of a goddeſs, that was both wife and ſiſter of Jupiter.

In the Pharſalia, moſt of the tranſactions and events, that compoſe the relation, are wonderful and ſurprizing, though true, as well as inſtructive

and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to tranſcribe the work itſelf, and therefore I ſhall only hint at ſome of the moſt remarkable. With what dignity, and juſtneſs of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæſar, introduced in the Firſt Book; and how beautifully, and with what a maſterly art, are they oppoſed to one another? add to this, the juſteſt ſimilitudes by which their different characters are illuſtrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I perſuade myſelf, if Lucan had lived to finiſh his deſign, the death of that illuſtrious Roman had made one of the moſt moving, as well as one of the moſt ſublime epiſodes of his poem. In the Third Book Pompey's dream, Cæſar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the ſiege of Marſeilles, the ſea-fight, and the ſacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little ſhort of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the reſt, that of the ſoldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable ſtory of Vulteius. The Fifth Book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering anſwers, and the reaſon of its then ſilence. Then, upon the occaſion of a

mutiny in Cæſar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of paſſing the Adriatic in a ſmall boat, amidſt the ſtorm I hinted at, he has given us the nobleſt and beſt image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the Book. It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the deſcription of the witch Erictho, in the Sixth Book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The Seventh Book is moſt taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharſalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is ſo related, that the reader may rather think himſelf a ſpectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than ſo remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majeſtic deſcription of the general Conflagration, and of that laſt cataſtrophe, which muſt put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the moſt elevated ſtyle, his ſentiments of the "Immortality of the "Soul," and of rewards and puniſhments after this life. All theſe are touched with the niceſt delicacy of expreſſion and thought, eſpecially that about the univerſal Conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy Writ. In ſo much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have converſed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever

there; or he might have ſeen that Epiſtle of his, wherein he gives us the very ſame idea of it.

In the Eighth Book, our paſſions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but eſpecially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewiſe drawn, with the greateſt art, the character of young Ptolemy and his miniſters; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquiſitely expoſed in his own ſpeech in council.

In the Ninth Book, after the apotheoſis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fitteſt man after him to head the cauſe of Liberty and Rome. This Book is the longeſt, and, in my opinion, the moſt entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deſerts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidſt theſe diſtreſſes through which he leads him, ſeems every where to deſerve thoſe raptures of praiſe he beſtows upon him. Add to this, the artful deſcriptions of the various poiſons with which theſe deſerts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's anſwer to Labienus in this Book, upon his deſiring him to conſult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a maſter-piece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, ſuch as his omnipotence, his preſcience, his juſtice, his goodneſs, and his unſearchable decrees, are painted

in the moſt awful and the ſtrongeſt colours, and ſuch as may make Chriſtians themſelves bluſh, for not coming up to them in moſt of their writings upon that ſubject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this paſſage, he concludes, "If all the ancient "poets had ſpoke as worthily of the oracles of "their gods, he ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer "them to the divines and philoſophers of our time. "We may ſee," ſays he, "in the concourſe of ſo "many people, that came to conſult the oracle of "Hammon, what effect a public opinion can pro-"duce, where zeal and ſuperſtition mingle toge-"ther. We may ſee in Labienus, a pious ſenſible "man, who to his reſpect for the gods, joins the "conſideration and eſteem we ought to preſerve "for virtue in good men. Cato is a religious ſe-"vere philoſopher, weaned from all vulgar opi-"nions, who entertains thoſe lofty thoughts of the "gods, which pure undebauched reaſon and a true "elevated knowledge can give us of them; every "thing here," ſays St. Evremont, "is poetical, every "thing is conſonant to truth and reaſon. It is not "poetical upon the ſcore of any ridiculous fiction, "or for ſome extravagant hyperbole, but for the "daring greatneſs and majeſty of the language, "and for the noble elevation of the diſcourſe. It "is thus," adds he, "that poetry is the language of "the gods, and that poets are wiſe; and it is ſo "much the greater wonder to find it in Lucan," ſays he, "becauſe it is neither to be met with in

"Homer nor Virgil." I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in theſe matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languiſhing, but Lucan's much more ſtrong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Ægyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then-received opinions of the increaſe and decreaſe of the river Nile. From the variety of the ſtory, and many other particulars I need not mention in this ſhort account, it may eaſily appear, that a true hiſtory may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a ſubject that affords ſo many and ſo ſurprizing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the moſt juſtly imputed are thoſe of his ſtile; and indeed how could it be otherwiſe? Let us but remember the imperfect ſtate, in which his ſudden and immature death left the Pharſalia; the deſign itſelf being probably but half finiſhed, and what was writ of it, but ſlightly, if at all, reviſed. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three firſt books himſelf, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it ſo: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of ſix and twenty, to thoſe he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the moſt correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued cor-

recting his Æneid for near as long a ſeries of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a ſtrong opinion that it was imperfect ſtill. If Lucan had lived to his age, the Pharſalia without doubt would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithſtanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Auguſtus.

It muſt be owned he is in many places obſcure and hard, and therefore not ſo agreeable, and comes ſhort of the purity, ſweetneſs, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is ſtill univerſally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art; and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering.

I am by no means willing to compare the Pharſalia to the Æneid; but I muſt ſay with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey, Cæſar, Cato, and Labienus, ſhine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of theſe great men are truly greater, and affect us more ſenſibly, than thoſe which Virgil has given us of his deities: The latter has cloathed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: The other has raiſed his heroes ſo, as to bring them into competition with the gods themſelves.

In a word, the gods are not ſo valuable in Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it muſt be allowed, that moſt things throughout the whole Pharſalia are greatly and juſtly ſaid, with regard even to the language and expreſſion; but the ſentiments are every where ſo beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he deſcribes Cæſar in Amyclus's cottage in the Fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dreſs. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan juſtly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raiſes him up to an equality with the greateſt of the ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himſelf, but a great patron of learning, and uſed to be preſent at the converſations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Maſquerade. They had their Parnaſſus, their Pegaſus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their ſeveral characters, where each acted the part that was ſuitable to his manner of writing, and among the reſt one acted Lucan. "There was none," ſays he, "that was placed in a "higher ſtation, or had a greater proſpect under "him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegaſus "with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and

" ſeemed deſirous of mounting into the clouds " upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet " of the horſe ſtuck to the mountain, while the " body reared up in the air, the poet with great " difficulty kept himſelf from ſliding off, inſomuch " that the ſpectators often gave him for gone, and " cried out now and then, he was tumbling." Thus Strada.

I ſhall ſum up all I have time to ſay of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the moſt polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the ſame Pope Leo X. was one of the firſt reſtorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the ſixteenth century; I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the aſſiſtance of Beroaldus, Badius, and ſome others of the firſt *form* in the republic of letters, publiſhed Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the firſt impreſſion, if I miſtake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, roſe about that time to a prodigious height in a ſmall compaſs of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever ſince. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate ſententious criticiſm on his Pharſalia, but a beautiful judicious compariſon between him and Virgil, and that in a ſtile which in my opinion comes but little ſhort of Salluſt, or the

writers of the Auguſtan age. It is to the following purpoſe:

I come now to the author I have commented upon, ſays Sulpitius Verulanus, and ſhall endeavour to deſcribe him, as well as obſerve in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no leſs a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering ſtrictly to truth, he ſeems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an hiſtorian; for he equally performs each of theſe offices. His expreſſion is bold and lively; his ſentiments are clear, his fictions within compaſs of probability, and his digreſſions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances deſigns, and actions, his ſtile is ſo maſterly, that you rather ſeem to ſee, than read of thoſe tranſactions. But as for enterprizes and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerneſs and terror of the ſeveral ſoldiers, ſeem preſent to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in deſcriptions; and none more ſkilful in diſcovering the ſecret ſprings of action, and their riſe in human paſſions: as he is an acute ſearcher into the manners of men, and moſt dextrous in applying all ſorts of learning to his ſubject: What other coſmographer,

aſtrologer, philoſopher, or mathematician, do we ſtand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciouſly handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have caſually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; ſo is Lucan. In ſo apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels: For both have juſtly obtained the higheſt commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan ſumptuous and ſplendid: The firſt is diſcreet, inventive, and ſublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of ſpirit. Virgil ſeems to move with the devout ſolemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtineſs of a victorious general. One owes moſt to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the ſoul with the ſweetneſs and muſic of his verſe, the other raiſes it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is ſedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults; Lucan quick, various, and florid: *He* ſeems to fight with ſtronger weapons, *This* with more. The firſt ſurpaſſes all in ſolid ſtrength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one ſounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a leſs indeed, but clearer. In ſhort, ſo great is the affinity, and the ſtruggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that Divinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been poſſeſſed of the chief ſeat on Parnaſſus, our author's claim to it had been indiſputable.

FEB. 26, 1718-19.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the First Book, after a propoſition of his ſubject, a ſhort view of the ruins occaſioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal cauſes of the Civil War, together with the characters of Cæſar and Pompey: after that, the ſtory properly begins with Cæſar's paſſing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminium. Thither the Tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the oppoſite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his ſpeech to his army, and a particular mention of the ſeveral parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his aſſiſtance. From Cæſar, the poet turns to deſcribe the general conſternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the ſenate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occaſion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly on occaſion of thoſe panic terrors, and likewiſe the ceremonies that were uſed by the prieſts for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this Book with the inſpiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which ſhe enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the courſe of the Civil War.

EMATHIAN plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd violence, and lawleſs might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile ſwords;

Piles againſt piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles againſt eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, ſpilt,
One common horror and promiſcuous guilt;
A ſhatter'd world in wild diſorder toſt,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confuſion loſt;
Of all the woes which civil diſcords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I ſing.
What blind, deteſted madneſs could afford
Such horrid licence to the murdering ſword?
Say, Romans, whence ſo dire a fury roſe,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like theſe provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud ſpires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in Roman ſpoils invade the ſky;
While yet no vengeance is to Craſſus paid,
But unaton'd repines the wandering ſhade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What ſeas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant ſhore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were ſtain'd!
Where Seres in their ſilken woods reſide,
Where ſwift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:
Where-e'er (if ſuch a nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret fountain ſpringing cleaves the ground;
Where ſouthern ſuns with double ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the land, and ſcorch the mid-day ſkies;
Where Winter's hand the Scythian ſeas conſtrains,
And binds the frozen floods in cryſtal chains:

Where-e'er the ſhady night and day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the yoke of Rome.
O Rome! if ſlaughter be thy only care,
If ſuch thy fond deſire of impious war;
Turn from thyſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd wound,
Till thou art miſtreſs of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyſelf be found.
Thy foes as yet a juſter war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy ſword.
But ſee! her hands on her own vitals ſeize,
And no deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy column lies,
While weeds obſcene above the cornice riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots ſuſtain.
The landſkip, once in various beauty ſpread,
With yellow harveſts and the flowery mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated face,
Which buſhy brakes and brambles vile diſgrace:
No human footſtep prints th' untrodden green,
No chearful maid nor villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſy ſtreet,
No ſound is heard of human voices now,
But whiſtling winds through empty dwellings blow;
While paſſing ſtrangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy face go by.

Nor Pyrrhus' ſword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such univerſal deſolation yield:
Her impious ſons have her worſt foes ſurpaſs'd,
And Roman hands have laid Heſperia waſte.
But if our fates ſeverely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to ſucceed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth muſt pay for their divine abodes;
If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign,
'Tis juſt, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppreſt with death though dire Pharſalia groan,
Though Latian blood the Punic ghoſts atone;
Though Pompey's hapleſs ſons renew the war,
And Munda view the ſlaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Peruſia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's iſle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though ſervile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
And on Sicilian ſeas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæſar, art the great reward.
Vaſt are the thanks thy grateful Rome ſhould pay
To wars, which uſher-in thy ſacred ſway.
When, the great buſineſs of the world atchiev'd,
Late by the willing ſtars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the bliſsful ſeats the news ſhall roll,
And heaven reſound with joy from pole to pole.

Whether great Jove reſign ſupreme command,
And truſt his ſceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou chooſe the empire of the day,
And make the ſun's unwilling ſteeds obey;
Auſpicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Where-e'er thou reign, with one conſenting voice,
The gods and nature ſhall approve thy choice.
But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy ſeat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to ſhine,
Nor where the ſultry ſouthern ſtars decline;
Leſs kindly thence thy influence ſhall come,
And thy bleſt rays obliquely viſit Rome.
Preſs not too much on any part the ſphere:
Hard were the taſk thy weight divine to bear;
Soon would the *axis* feel th' unuſual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal ſhalt thou riſe,
And with a juſter balance fix the ſkies.
Serene for ever be that azure ſpace,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven diſgrace,
Nor hide from Rome her Cæſar's radiant face.
Then ſhall mankind conſent in ſweet accord,
And warring nations ſheath the wrathful ſword;
Peace ſhall the world in friendly leagues compoſe,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever cloſe.
To me thy preſent godhead ſtands confeſt,
Oh let thy ſacred fury fire my breaſt!
So thou vouchſafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's myſtic cell;

By me uncall'd, let ſprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nyſa's plain.
To thee, O Cæſar, all my vows belong;
Do thou alone inſpire the Roman ſong.
And now the mighty taſk demands our care,
The fatal ſource of diſcord to declare;
What cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire event,
Why rage ſo dire the madding nations rent,
And peace was driven away by one conſent.
But thus the malice of our fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration ſtands;
Aſpiring Rome had riſen too much in height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So ſhall one hour at laſt this globe controul,
Break up the vaſt machine, diſſolve the whole,
And time no more through meaſur'd ages roll.
Then Chaos hoar ſhall ſeize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldeſt night;
The ſtarry lamps ſhall combat in the ſky,
And loſt and blended in each other die;
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires ſhall fall,
And ocean caſt abroad o'er-ſpread the ball:
The moon no more her well-known courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from weſtern waves, and meet the ſun;
Ungovern'd ſhall ſhe quit her ancient way,
Herſelf ambitious to ſupply the day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And diſcord and diſorder tear the world.
Thus power and greatneſs to deſtruction haſte,
Thus bounds to human happineſs are plac'd,
And Jove forbids proſperity to laſt.

Yet Fortune, when ſhe meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes preſerv'd the Roman ſtate,
Nor ſuffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
To Rome herſelf for enemies ſhe ſought,
And Rome herſelf her own deſtruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
Firſt fell by fatal partnerſhip of power.
What blind ambition bids your force combine?
What means this frantic league in which you join?
Miſtaken men! who hope to ſhare the ſpoil,
And hold the world within one common toil!
While earth the ſeas ſhall in her boſom bear,
While earth herſelf ſhall hang in ambient air,
While Phœbus ſhall his conſtant taſk renew;
While through the Zodiac night ſhall day purſue;
No faith, no truſt, no friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous partners of a throne;
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign tales to make this good,
Were not our walls firſt built in brother's blood?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion riſe,
Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
Divided power contention ſtill affords,
And for a village ſtrove the petty lords.
The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Preſerv'd the bond but for a little ſpace,
Still with an aukward diſagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, ſuch as friends perſuade.

Deſire of war in either chief was ſeen,
Though interpoſing Craſſus ſtood between.
Such in the midſt the parting Iſthmus lies,
While ſwelling ſeas on either ſide ariſe;
The ſolid boundaries of earth reſtrain
The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
But, if the mound gives way, ſtraight roaring loud
In at the breach the ruſhing torrents croud;
Raging they meet, the daſhing waves run high,
And work their foamy waters to the ſky.
So when unhappy Craſſus, ſadly ſlain,
Dy'd with his blood Aſſyrian Carre's plain;
Sudden the ſeeming friends in arms engage,
The Parthian ſword let looſe the Latian rage.
Ye fierce Arſacidæ! ye foes of Rome,
Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
The vanquiſh'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their civil war.
The ſword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendſhip knew not to divide.
'T was hard, an empire of ſo vaſt a ſize,
Could not for two ambitious minds ſuffice;
The peopled earth, and wide-extended main,
Could furniſh room for only one to reign.
When dying Julia firſt forſook the light,
And Hymen's tapers ſunk in endleſs night,
The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife perſuade!

Like the fam'd Sabine dames ſhe had been ſeen
To ſtay the meeting war, and ſtand between:
On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and ſheath the ruthleſs ſword.
But this the fatal ſiſters doom deny'd;
The friends were ſever'd, when the matron dy'd.
The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their ſouls with jealouſy of fame,
And emulation fans the riſing flame.
Thee Pompey thy paſt deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous glory burns within thy breaſt;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful Cæſar's riſing ſhade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious eyes
Above thy naval crowns triumphant riſe.
Thee, Cæſar, thy long labours paſt incite,
Thy uſe of war, and cuſtom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage ſcorn a ſecond place.
Superior power, fierce faction's deareſt care,
One could not brook, and one diſdain'd to ſhare.
Juſtly to name the better cauſe were hard,
While greateſt names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious Cæſar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increaſing years began to yield,
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the ſoldier down;

Diſus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himſelf with popular applauſe;
With gifts and liberal bounty ſought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar ſhout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to ſit,
Amidſt the noiſy praiſes of the pit.
Careleſs of future ills that might betide,
No aid he ſought to prop his failing ſide,
But on his former fortune much rely'd.
Still ſeem'd he to poſſeſs, and fill his place;
But ſtood the ſhadow of what once he was.
So, in the field with Ceres' bounty ſpread,
Uprears ſome ancient oak his reverend head;
Chaplets and ſacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And ſpoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the firſt vigour of his root now gone,
He ſtands dependent on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are diſplay'd,
And with his leafleſs trunk he forms a ſhade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blaſt would heave him from his ſeat;
Though thouſand fairer trees the field ſupplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him riſe;
Fix'd in his ancient ſtate he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæſar's greatneſs, and his ſtrength, was more
Than paſt renown and antiquated power;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals ſeen;
But 'twas a valour, reſtleſs, unconfin'd,
Which no ſucceſs could ſate, nor limits bind;

'Twas ſhame, a ſoldier's ſhame untaught to yield,
That bluſh'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to ſtay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withſtood,
Nor ſpar'd to ſtain the guilty ſword with blood;
Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
And made the moſt of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And ſaw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders loud,
Darts the ſwift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blaſt confounds the gazer's ſight;
Reſiſtleſs in its courſe delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its maſter Jove:
Alike where-e'er it paſſes or returns,
With equal rage the fell deſtroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its ſtrength retires,
And recollects the force of all its ſcatter'd fires.
Motives like theſe the leading chiefs inſpir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Thoſe fatal ſeeds luxurious vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquiſh'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treaſures to her view diſplay'd:
Then truth and ſimple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd diſhoneſt face;
Virtue to full proſperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the luſt of prey.

On every ſide proud palaces ariſe,
And laviſh gold each common uſe ſupplies.
Their fathers frugal tables ſtand abhorr'd,
And Aſia now and Afric are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
In ſilken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides ſhould bluſh to wear.
That age by honeſt poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is ſcorn'd;
Where-ever ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ranſack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the ſinking ſtate confound.
The Curii's and Camilli's little field,
To vaſt extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harveſt now,
Where once the great Dictator held the plow.
Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with eaſe;
Ev'n liberty had loſt the power to pleaſe:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedneſs perſuade:
Hence impious power was firſt eſteem'd a good,
Worth being ſought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence preſcrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant ſervile voices were conſtrain'd,
And force in popular aſſemblies reign'd;
Conſuls and tribunes, with oppoſing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence ſhameful magiſtrates were made for gold,
And a baſe people by themſelves were ſold:

Hence ſlaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And uſury ſtill watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's laſt reſort.
Now Cæſar, marching ſwift with winged haſte,
The ſummits of the frozen Alps had paſt;
With vaſt events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he ſtood;
When lo! as he ſurvey'd the narrow flood,
Amidſt the duſky horrors of the night,
A wondrous viſion ſtood confeſt to ſight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful ſilence broke.
Preſumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you theſe my enſigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmoſt barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing ſhade:
Aſtoniſhment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the bank his ſlackening ſteps were ſtay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;

Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread city caſt thy ſight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line!
Ye myſteries of Romulus divine!
Thou, Jove! to whom from young Aſcanius came
Thy Alban temple and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal ſacred Veſtal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majeſtic Rome!
My firſt, my great divinity, to whom
Thy ſtill ſucceſsful Cæſar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the ſword's deſtructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war ſhall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curſe beſtow,
Who would perſuade thee Cæſar is thy foe;
And ſince to thee I conſecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cauſe, and on thy ſoldier ſmile.
He ſaid; and ſtraight, impatient of delay,
Acroſs the ſwelling flood purſu'd his way.
So when on ſultry Libya's deſert ſand
The lion ſpies the hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful ſalvage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury riſe;
His laſhing tail provokes his ſwelling ſides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides:
Then if at length the flying dart infeſt,
Or the broad ſpear invade his ample breaſt,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hoſtile Moor.
While with hot ſkies the fervent ſummer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;

Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the ſea.
His bank on either ſide a limit ſtands,
Between the Gallic and Auſonian lands.
But ſtronger now the wintery torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine ſnows,
And Cynthia riſing with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A ſignal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling ſtream.
For this, to ſtem the rapid water's courſe
Firſt plung'd amidſt the flood the bolder horſe;
With ſtrength oppos'd againſt the ſtream they lead,
While to the ſmoother ford, the foot with eaſe ſucceed.
The leader now had paſs'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden ſhore:
Then rearing on the hoſtile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he ſaid.)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou, goddeſs fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He ſpoke; and, on the dreadful taſk intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic ſling is ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches ſwift he reach'd the town,
As the ſhades fled, the ſinking ſtars were gone,
And Lucifer the laſt was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn aroſe,
Whoſe beams the firſt tumultuous rage diſcloſe:

Whether the ſtormy ſouth prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious ſight,
The clouds a-while withheld the mournful light.
To the mid Forum on the ſoldier paſs'd,
There halted, and his victor enſigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarſe horn, and rattling trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting citizens uprear their heads;
The luſtier youth at once forſake their beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the weapons, which among
Their houſhold-gods in peace had reſted long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs ſpears with points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their creſts the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæſar high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling heart with ſecret horror ſhook,
And ſilent thus within themſelves they ſpoke:
  Oh, hapleſs city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curſe ſo near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us deſtruction ever takes its way,
We firſt become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmoſt eaſt!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlaſting ſnow.
Better with wandering Scythians chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard theſe dreadful paſſages to Rome.

Through theſe the Cimbrians laid Heſperia waſte;
Through theſe the ſwarthy Carthaginian paſs'd;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian ſtates,
War, death, and ruin, enter at theſe gates.
In ſecret murmurs thus they ſought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid ſilence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains
All nature, heaven, and earth at once conſtrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And ſhivering tremble on the naked ſprays;
Ev'n the rude ſeas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows ſtiffen on the ſhore.
The colder ſhades of night forſook the ſky,
When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And if the chief, by doubt or ſhame detain'd,
Awhile from battle and from blood abſtain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every ſoft relenting thought away.
A lucky chance a fair pretence ſupplies,
And juſtice in his favour ſeems to riſe.
New accidents new ſtings to rage ſuggeſt,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breaſt.
The ſenate threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In ſcorn of law, had chac'd them through the gate,
And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With theſe, as for redreſs their courſe they ſped
To Cæſar's camp, the buſy Curio fled;

Curio, a ſpeaker turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that ſerv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and ſold.
A tribune once himſelf, in loud debate,
He ſtrove for public freedom and the ſtate:
Eſſay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæſar thus, while thouſand cares infeſt,
Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breaſt,
His ſpeech the ready orator addreſt:
While yet my voice was uſeful to my friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæſar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering ſword within thy hand.
But ſince the vanquiſh'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come;
For thee, with joy our baniſhment we take,
For thee our houſhold hearths and gods forſake;
Nor hope to ſee our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loſs reſtore.
Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceleſs, weak, and unreſolv'd, appear;
Haſte then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occaſion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the ſtubborn Gaul withheld,
And ſet thee hard in many a well-fought field;

A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard leſs, yet greater far the prize:
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vaſt head that does mankind control.
Succeſs ſhall ſure attend thee, boldly go
And win the world at one ſucceſsful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy ſacred laurel wait:
But blaſting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treaſon to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy juſt command.
Since Pompey then, and thoſe upon his ſide,
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Aſſume that ſway which beſt mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they diſdain to ſhare.
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief engage,
And fire his breaſt, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applauſe with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouſe the fiery horſe;
When eager for the courſe each nerve he ſtrains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the ſtubborn reins,
At every ſhout erects his quivering ears,
And his broad breaſt upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and ſtraight
The thronging legions round their enſigns wait:
Then thus, the croud compoſing with a look,
And, with his hand commanding ſilence, ſpoke:

Fellows in arms, who choſe with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful ſenate yield,
For the loſt blood which ſtains yon northern field;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine ſnow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
The luſty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
And each tall grove falls by the ſhipwrights hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies ſpread,
And all demand devoted Cæſar's head.
If thus, while fortune yields us her applauſe,
While the gods call us on and own our cauſe,
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls purſued us from behind!
But let their boaſted hero leave his home,
Let him, diſſolv'd with lazy leiſure, come,
With every noiſy talking tongue in Rome:
Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
Shall his baſe followers, a venal train,
For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign?
Shall his ambition ſtill be thought no crime,
His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
Still ſhall he gather honours and command,
And graſp all rule in his rapacious hand?

What need I name the violated laws,
And famine made the ſervant of his cauſe?
Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld
The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd;
When the bold ſoldier, juſtice to defy,
In the mid Forum rear'd his enſigns high;
When glittering ſwords the pale aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for death and ſlaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
And now, diſdaining peace and needful eaſe,
Nothing but rule and government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of reſt, to vex the ſtate:
On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field for battle now prepares.
He copies from his maſter Sylla well,
And would the dire example far excel.
Hyrcanian tigers fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
To chace the herds, and ſurfeit on the ſlain.
Such, Pompey, ſtill has been thy greedy thirſt,
In early love of impious ſlaughter nurſt;
Since firſt thy infant cruelty eſſay'd
To lick the curſt dictator's reeking blade.
None ever give the ſalvage nature o'er,
Whoſe jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.
But whither would a power ſo wide extend?
Where will thy long ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who choſe to quit the ſovereign ſeat,
Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.

Perhaps, for that too boldly I withſtand,
Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
Since the Cilician pirate ſtrikes his ſail,
Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-paſt,
By thee and poiſon is ſubdued at laſt;
Perhaps, one lateſt province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd Cæſar muſt receive thy chains.
But though my labours loſe their juſt reward,
Yet let the ſenate theſe my friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deſerve to triumph, whoſoe'er commands.
Where ſhall my weary veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
What town is for his late repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plow, a country village ſeat,
Some little comfortable ſafe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may ceaſe,
And waſte the poor remains of life with peace?
But march! Your long-victorious enſigns rear,
Let valour in its own juſt cauſe appear.
When for redreſs intreating armies call,
They who deny juſt things, permit them all.
The righteous gods ſhall ſurely own the cauſe,
Which ſeeks not ſpoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from ſlavery ſubmiſſive Rome.
He ſaid; a doubtful ſullen murmuring ſound
Ran through the unreſolving vulgar round;

The ſeeds of piety their rage reſtrain'd,
And ſomewhat of their country's love remain'd;
Theſe the rude paſſions of their ſoul withſtood,
Elate to conqueſt, and inur'd to blood:
But ſoon the momentary virtue fail'd,
And war and dread of Cæſar's frown prevail'd.
Straight Lelius from amidſt the reſt ſtood forth,
An old centurion of diſtinguiſh'd worth;
The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preſerv'd he bore.
If againſt thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greateſt leader of the Roman name;
If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,
What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
Canſt thou diſtruſt our faith ſo often try'd,
In thy long wars not ſhrinking from thy ſide?
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my boſom blows;
While yet theſe arms ſufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin, and to lift the ſhield;
While theſe remain, my general, wilt thou own
The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
Wilt thou the lordly ſenate chooſe to bear,
Rather than conquer in a civil war?
With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning Libyan ſands explore,
And tread the Syrt's inhoſpitable ſhore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the ſervile oar has not diſdain'd,

For thee the ſwelling ſeas were taught to plow,
Through the Rhine's whirling ſtream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquiſh'd world to thee might bow.
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.
No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæſar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
By the long labours of thy ſword, I ſwear,
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy paſt triumphs, and by thoſe to come,
(No matter where the vanquiſh'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to ſtrike my deareſt brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or ſtab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and ſtop my trembling hand,
I ſwear to execute thy dread command.
Doſt thou delight to ſpoil the wealthy gods,
And ſcatter flames through all their proud abodes?
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta ſoon her ſinking fane ſhall mourn.
Wilt thou yon haughty factious ſenate brave,
And awe the Tuſcan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's bank thy enſigns ſhall be plac'd,
And thy bold ſoldier lay Heſperia waſte.
Doſt thou devote ſome hoſtile city's walls?
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful ſentence doom
The world's imperial miſtreſs, mighty Rome.
He ſaid; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in every bold deſign;

All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applauſe the ſky.
Such is the ſound when Thracian Boreas ſpreads
His weighty wing o'er Oſſa's piney heads:
At once the noiſy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the ſweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.
Cæſar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd-on by fate, and eager for the field;
Swift orders ſtraight the ſcatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, leſt his fortune languiſh by delay,
To Rome the moving enſigns ſpeed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forſake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
Some from Vogeſus' lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on thoſe heights the Lingones to awe;
The Lingones ſtill frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted arms.
Others from Iſara's low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his name;
But ſeeks the ſea with waters not his own,
Loſt and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garriſon the Ruthen city ſend,
Whoſe youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;

Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus reſort,
Nor roll rude ſurges in the Sacred Port;
Circius' loud blaſt alone is heard to roar,
And vex the ſafety of Monœchus' ſhore.
The legions move from Gallia's fartheſt ſide,
Waſh'd by the reſtleſs ocean's various tide;
Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its riſing head again,
And ſeas and earth alternate rule maintain.
If driven by winds from the far diſtant pole,
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's ſilver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the ſwelling ſtream;
Or if, by heat attracted to the ſky,
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
And briny deeps the waſting ſun ſupply;
What cauſe ſoe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And preſs the ebb, or raiſe the flowing tide;
Be that your taſk, ye ſages, to explore,
Who ſearch the ſecret ſprings of nature's power:
To me, for ſo the wiſer gods ordain,
Untrac'd the myſtery ſhall ſtill remain.
From fair Nemoſſus moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian ſtrand,
Where winding round the coaſt purſues its way,
And folds the ſea within a gentle bay.
The Santones are now with joy releas'd
From hoſtile inmates, and their Roman gueſt,
Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
And Sueſſons nimble with unwieldy ſpears:

Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani the wheeling horſe to guide;
The bold Averni who from Ilium come,
And boaſt an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervi oft rebelling, oft ſubdued,
Whoſe hands in Gotta's ſlaughter were imbrued;
Vangiones, like looſe Sarmatians dreſt,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs inveſt:
Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarſe rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains ſtand in ſnow;
Thoſe where flow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
And with his ſtronger ſtream is hurry'd down;
Thoſe o'er the mountains lofty ſummit ſpread,
Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
With theſe the Trevir, and Ligurian ſhorn,
Whoſe brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Though chief amongſt the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely ſpread, his graceful neck:
And you where Heſus' horrid altar ſtands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd,
And vies in ſlaughter with the Scythian maid:
All ſee with joy the war's departing rage,
Seek diſtant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards! whom ſacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;

Who conſecrate, in your immortal ſtrain,
Brave patriot ſouls in righteous battle ſlain;
Securely now the tuneful taſk renew,
And nobleſt themes in deathleſs ſongs purſue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old myſteries and barbarous rites reſtore:
A tribe who ſingular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To theſe, and theſe of all mankind alone,
The gods are ſure reveal'd, or ſure unknown.
If dying mortals doom they ſing aright,
No ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting ſouls to griſly Pluto go,
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent ſhades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endleſs race,
And like a line, death but divides the ſpace,
A ſtop which can but for a moment laſt,
A point between the future and the paſt.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern ſkies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death, deſpiſe;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return.
You too tow'rds Rome advance, ye warlike band,
That wont the ſhaggy Cauci to withſtand;
Whom once a better order did aſſign,
To guard the paſſes of the German Rhine;

Now from the fenceleſs banks you march away,
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
While thus the numerous troops, from every part,
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring leader's heart;
O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,
The neighbouring towns his ſummons ſtraight obey,
And on their walls his enſigns high diſplay.
Mean-while the buſy meſſenger of ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new terror ſtill:
A thouſand ſlaughters, and ten thouſand fears,
She whiſpers in the trembling vulgar's ears:
Now comes a frighted meſſenger, to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The foe to fair Mevania's walls is paſt,
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful paſtures waſte;
Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
But when himſelf, when Cæſar they would paint,
The ſtronger image makes deſcription faint;
No tongue can ſpeak with what amazing dread
Wild thought preſents him at his army's head;
Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of gigantic ſize:
Unnumber'd eagles riſe amidſt his train,
And millions ſeem to hide the crouded plain.
Around him all the various nations join,
Between the ſnowy Alps and diſtant Rhine.
He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
With rage ſurpaſſing theirs he ſeems to come,
And urge them on to ſpoil devoted Rome.

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And urge them on to ſpoil devoted Rome.

Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe ills themſelves have made.
Nor theſe alarms the croud alone infeſt,
But ran alike through every beating breaſt;
With equal dread the grave Patricians ſhook,
Their ſeats abandon'd, and the court forſook.
The ſcattering fathers quit the public care,
And bid the conſuls for the war prepare.
Reſolv'd on flight, yet ſtill unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair,
Haſty and headlong differing paths they tread,
As blind impulſe and wild diſtraction lead;
The croud, a hurrying, heartleſs train, ſucceed.
Who that the lamentable ſight beheld,
The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
Would not have thought the flames, with rapid haſte
Deſtroying wide, had laid their city waſte;
Or groaning earth had ſhook beneath their feet,
While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the ſtreet.
By ſuch unthinking raſhneſs were they led;
Such was the madneſs which their fears had bred,
As if, of every other hope bereft,
To fly from Rome were all the ſafety left.
So when the ſtormy ſouth is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Libyan ſhore;
When rending ſails flit with the driving blaſt,
And with a craſh down comes the lofty maſt;
Some coward maſter leaps from off the deck,
And, haſty to deſpair, prevents the wreck;

And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the ſea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city ruſh to arms.
Then ſons forſook their ſires un-nerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their huſbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:
None ſtop'd, or ſighing turn'd for one laſt view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
The headlong croud regardleſs urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country aſk their ſtay,
And pleading nature beg them to delay.
What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you reſume.
Vain is the ſhort-liv'd ſovereignty you lend;
The pile you raiſe you deign not to defend.
See where, forſaken by her native bands,
All deſolate the once-great city ſtands!
She whom her ſwarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquiſh'd nations wont to croud,
Within the circuit of whoſe ample ſpace
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceleſs deſert now ſhe lies,
And yields herſelf the victor's eaſy prize.
The camp intrench'd ſecureſt ſlumbers yields,
Though hoſtile arms beſet the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the haſty ſoldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears:
While, Rome, thy ſons all tremble from afar,
And ſcatter at the very name of war;

Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor truſt their ſafety with thee for a night.
Yet one excuſe abſolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar juſtly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And, leſt ſweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times diſcloſe,
On every breaſt preſaging terror ſate,
And threaten'd plain ſome yet more diſmal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and ſeas, in prodigies abound;
Then ſtars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unuſual fires by night were ſeen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy ſky.
Then horrid comets ſhook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dart ſwift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin ſhoot extended long,
While ſome like ſpreading lamps in heaven are hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through ſkies ſerene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blaſting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The ſtars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching ſhade:
The ſun himſelf, in his meridian race,
In ſable darkneſs veil'd his brighter face;

The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd deſpairing for the loſs of day.
Such was he ſeen, when backward to the eaſt
He fled, abhorring dire Thyeſtes' feaſt.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let looſe his fiery ſtore;
Nor roſe the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds Italy their burning torrent guide;
Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The Veſtal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the ſacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double ſtreams aſcend,
To ſhew the Latian feſtivals muſt end:
Such from the Theban brethren's pile aroſe,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings faſt the gaping earth gave way,
And in her inmoſt womb receiv'd the day.
The ſwelling ſeas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps ſhook off their ancient ſnow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And ſweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording ſtories tell,
Untouch'd the ſacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obſcene, with inauſpicious flight,
And ſcreamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd light.
The ſalvage kind forſook the deſert wood,
And in the ſtreets diſclos'd their horrid brood.
Then ſpeaking beaſts with human ſounds were heard,
And monſtrous births the teeming mothers ſcar'd.

Among the croud, religious fears diſperſe
The ſaws of Sibyls, and foreboding verſe.
Bellona's prieſts, a barbarous frantic train,
Whoſe mangled arms a thouſand wounds diſdain,
Toſs their wild locks, and, with a diſmal yell,
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.
Lamenting ghoſts amidſt their aſhes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods reſound.
Grim ſpectres every-where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and paſs with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of ſize, ſhe ſtalks:
A flaming pine ſhe brandiſhes in air,
And hiſſing loud up-riſe her ſnaky hair:
Where-e'er her round accurſt the monſter takes,
The pale inhabitant his houſe forſakes.
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom ſeen,
Such the dire viſions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel ſtepmother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra ſtand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero ſhook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amidſt the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
Shrill-ſounding clarions animate the fight;
The ſhouts of meeting armies ſeem to riſe,
And the loud battle ſhakes the gloomy ſkies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field aſcends,
And miſchiefs mighty as his own portends.

Near Anio's ſtream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his griſly form, and fled.
The ſtate thus threaten'd, by old cuſtom taught,
For counſel to the Tuſcan prophets ſought:
Of theſe the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable ſage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could deſcry
What bodes the lightning's journey through the ſky;
Preſaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
Firſt he commands to burn the monſtrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd ſpecies, and diſcordant ſeed;
Forbidden and accurſed births, which come
Where nature's laws deſign'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To paſs with ſolemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to viſit all around,
And with luſtrations purge the utmoſt bound.
The ſovereign prieſts the long proceſſion lead,
Inferior orders in the train ſucceed,
Array'd all duly in the Gabine weed.
There the chaſte head of Veſta's choir appears,
A ſacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
To her, in ſole pre-eminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful ſhrine to view.
Next the fifteen in order paſs along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' ſecret ſong:
To Almon's ſtream Cybele's form they bear,
And waſh the goddeſs each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
Obſerving flights on the left lucky hand;

The ſeven ordain'd Jove's holy feaſt to deck;
The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck;
All marching in their order juſt appear:
And laſt the generous Flamens cloſe the rear.
While theſe through ways uncouth, and tireſome ground,
Patient perform their long laborious round,
Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame;
In earth he hides them with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the herd a choſen male is ſought,
And ſoon before the ready altar brought.
And now the ſeer the ſacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the deſtin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beaſt
The rites unpleaſing to the God confeſt.
At length compell'd his ſtubborn head to bow,
Vanquiſh'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The guſhing veins no chearful crimſon pour,
But ſtain with poiſonous black the ſacred floor.
The paler prophet ſtood with horror ſtruck;
Then with a haſty hand the entrails took,
And ſought the angry gods again; but there
Prognoſtics worſe, and ſadder ſigns, appear;
The pallid guts with ſpots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold ſerum ſtain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid ſtreams he ſpy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hoſtile ſide:

Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the ſever'd entrails bound;
No uſual motion ſtirs the panting heart;
The chinky veſſels ouze on every part;
The cawl, where wrapt the cloſe inteſtines lie,
Betrays its dark receſſes to the eye.
One prodigy ſuperior threaten'd ſtill,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's riſing head,
A ſecond rival prominence is ſpread;
All ſunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, ſickly, withering viſage wears;
While high and full the adverſe veſſels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd, the ſage foreſaw th' impending fate;
Ye gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor doſt thou, Jove, in theſe our rites partake,
Nor ſmile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our ſacrifice the Furies came.
The ills we fear command us to be dumb;
Yet ſomewhat worſe than what we fear ſhall come.
But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better proſperous event ſupply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be falſe, by which our ſires divin'd,
And Tages taught them, to abuſe mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy expreſt,
And riddling ſung the double-dealing prieſt.

But Figulus exclaims (to ſcience bred,
And in the gods myſterious ſecrets read;
Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' ſons excell'd,
Nor with more ſkill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the ſphere,
And calculate the juſt revolving year).
The ſtars (he cries) are in confuſion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite miſguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some ſwift deſtruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And ſinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infeſt the ſultry ſky?
Shall faithleſs earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poiſonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid ſpring and ſilver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare!
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from ſeas, or air?
The lives of many to a period haſte,
And thouſands ſhall together breathe their laſt.
If Saturn's ſullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd aſcendant o'er the ſky,
Then moiſt Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie ſunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, ſhine
Malignant in the Lion's ſcorching ſign,
Wide o'er the world conſuming fires might roll,
And heaven be ſeen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits theſe unangry glide,
But, God of Battles! what doſt thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion doſt preſide?

With potent wrath around thy influence ſtreams,
And the whole monſter kindles at thy beams:
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly ſhine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's ſtarry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful ſide.
War comes, and ſalvage ſlaughter muſt abound,
The ſword of violence ſhall right confound:
The blackeſt crimes fair virtue's name ſhall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.
Yet aſk not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace muſt with a lordly maſter come.
Protract deſtruction, and defer thy chain,
The ſword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.

The heartleſs vulgar to the ſage give heed,
New riſing fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders ſtrike their eyes,
Forth through the ſtreets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic ſong:
Enthuſiaſtic heavings ſwell'd her breaſt,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confeſt:

Where doſt thou ſnatch me, Pæan! wherefore bear
Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathleſs air?
I ſee Pangean mountains white with ſnow,
Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury riſe?
What mean theſe ſpears and ſhields before my eyes?

I ſee the Roman battles croud the plain!
I ſee the war, but ſeek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I ſeek the riſing day,
Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way:
I ſee, I know upon the guilty ſhore,
The hero's headleſs trunk beſmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan ſands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's ſcatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I ſtretch my flight,
And ſoar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And ſee the ſenate reeking with the ſlain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war.
Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, ſome undiſcover'd ſhore;
I ſaw Philippi's fatal fields before.
She ſaid: the weary rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting propheteſs in peace.

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